JOHN BULL, JANUARY 21, 1939. VOL. LXV. 1701

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

. . . *when you light a De Reszke Minor and your palate re-discovers, as a new delight, the keen thrill of fine tobacco!* **In taste, quality, and packing D.R. Minors are the equal of much dearer cigarettes, but not quite so big; big enough, however, to last the full ten minutes.**

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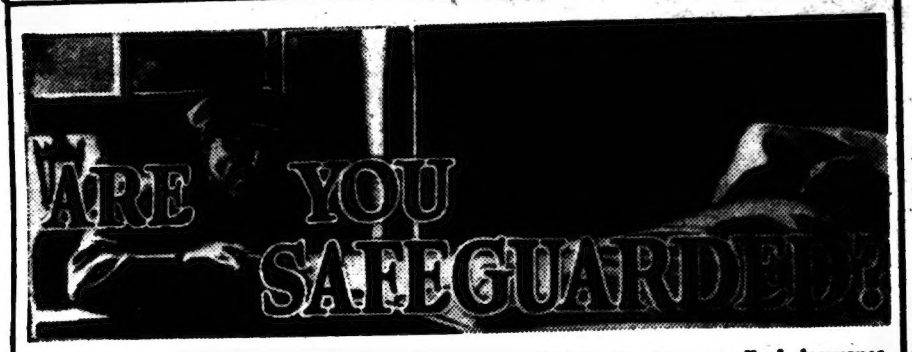

HIS tread on the front garden path was as light and as noiseless as a cat's. In a trice he was up the wall, and there was barely a sound as he opened the window. His expert glance told him where to find the things worth having.

A few seconds only and he had made another successful haul.

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It is a regrettable fact that burglary as well as housebreaking is on the increase, and in order to provide our readers with that full sense of protection "John Bull," under its 1939 Great Free Family Insurance Gift, has extended its Burglary and Housebreaking Benefits to £500 for loss and allows up to £1,000 for death by violence.

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In addition to providing these wonderful benefits and numerous benefits for accidents, "John Bull" is the only paper in the world to safeguard your household effects against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD and TEMPEST and to pay SICKNESS benefits.

£544 PAID LAST WEEK.

During the past week alone "John Bull" distributed no less than £544 17s. 9d. to registered readers or their dependants as follows :—

Household and Sickness Benefits	£283	17	9
Accident Benefits—Adults	£189	0	0
Children's Accidents	£72	0	0
	£544	17	9

Here are a few letters from readers who have received benefit under our Free Family Insurance Gift. These are typical of letters received almost daily from readers who wish to place on record their gratitude for "John Bull's" prompt and practical assistance.

"Your Generous Support."

"I wish to thank you very much indeed for your generous support of my claim re flood and your cheque, which came in very acceptable, also for the prompt way of settling the claim. Wishing you every success . . ." L. H., Torquay.

"Courteous Attention."

"Allow me to thank you for the very generous cheque I have received from you in full settlement of damage to my wireless set.

Praises to your excellent insurance scheme and, of course, to your very obliging and courteous attention should be 'sung' in whatever corner of the country 'JOHN BULL' can be found. There is only one paper—'JOHN BULL.'" F. W., Stockton-on-Tees.

"Straightforward Dealings."

"Many thanks for your letter and cheque which I received yesterday. I really cannot explain my thoughts and mind regarding my case and your straightforward dealings. Once again thanking you for cheque which will enable me to get damaged articles repaired at once." G. A. H., Liverpool.

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"Gentlemen, please accept my heartfelt thanks for your cheque. Words fail me to express adequately my appreciation of the noble service done by your good selves, and I have every reason to bless the day I commenced reading 'John Bull.' I wish also to compliment you on your spontaneous response to my application. —I remain, Yours, etc." E. J., Lanarkshire.

OVER £650,000 ALREADY PAID.

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No greater testimony to the real practical value of this unique Family Insurance Gift is needed.

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ACT NOW.

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Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 21/1/39.

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Reader's Signature.

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Name and Address of Newsagent.

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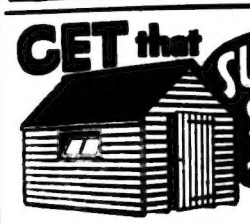

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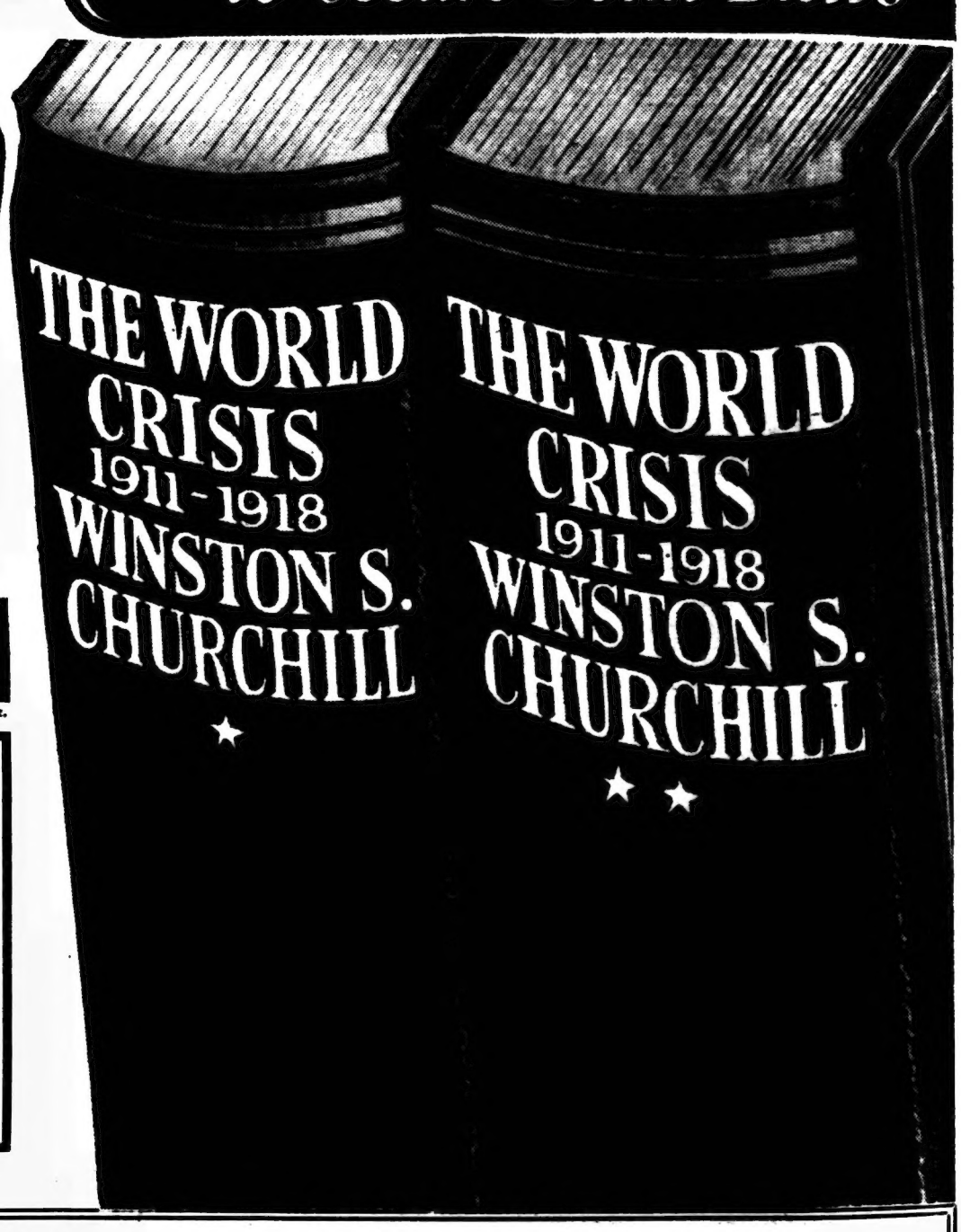

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Joffre's miscalculations—Sir Douglas Haig succeeds Sir John French—Decline of Lord Kitchener's authority—Were the Allies' military campaigns wise?—Should Germany have attacked Russia and left Belgium alone?—Terrible cost of defending Verdun—Serpentine Russian attack on Austrian front—The Battle of Jutland—Was Jellicoe wise to ignore Admiralty message?—The Battle of the Somme—Allies attained the strongest position in the world—British losses greater than German—Rumania declares war and is smashed by Germany—The Russian Revolution—Germany's offer of American States to Mexico—America joins the Allies—Wise Generals and Admirals really capable of decisions?—Decline of Joffre—Appointment of Hindin—Attempt to subordinate British Generals—Haig will not obey Hindin—Creation of the Hindenburg Line—Hindin's secret plans captured by Germans—French lose 100,000 men—Mutinies in the French Army—Hindin dismissed—Petain becomes Commander-in-Chief—Admiralty misleads Haig about value of Ostend and Zeebrugge—Passchendaele offensive planned—Lloyd George wants to wait for America—Plans go ahead and the battle of Passchendaele is a failure—Allenby's brilliant success in Palestine—Italian disaster of Caporetto—Tank Battle at Cambrai—Development of mine-laying—Man-power crisis of 1918—Lloyd George's desire to crush military leaders—Sir William Robertson dismissed—Sir Henry Wilson appointed Chief of Imperial General Staff—Development of "Mechanical Battles"—Tremendous German offensive from the Somme River to the Oise—The Germans cross the Somme—General Byng's strategy upsets Ludendorff's plans—Terrible German losses—The Battle of the Lys—Germany attempts to reach the Channel Ports—Haig's famous "Backs-to-the-Wall" Order—British Army stands firm under 60 days' offensive—New German attempt between Soissons and Rheims—British hold up advance—Germans get to Chateau-Thierry—Battle of Noyon—American troops arrive—Mutiny in the German Navy—Desertions from the German Army—The Battle of Rheims—German retreat from the Marne—British tank battle at Amiens—Haig begins battle of Bapaume—Germans retreat to the Hindenburg Line—Armistice requested of the Kaiser—United nations—British attack at Mons—Storming of the Canal du Nord—Cambrai—St. Quentin—Decisive advance—Bulgaria surrenders—Germany asks for armistice—Allies fight on—Allied armies shatter Austro-Hungarian Empire—Germany renounces submarine warfare—Revolution in Germany—Kaiser flees—Allies state their terms—The ARMISTICE SIGNED, November 11, 1918, etc., etc.

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RHEUMATISM Ended for Thousands!

Nature's Salts of the Earth give you a Spa 'Cure' at Home

The leisured few can take the waters of famous Spas and let Nature's minerals rinse away acid waste and unwanted fat. But thousands are now enjoying this great boon in their own homes.

Sodium, Potassium and Lithium are the most potent of the Earth's healing elements and these are combined for you in your morning spoonful of Fynnon Salt that costs ½d!

Garage Owner was MARTYR TO RHEUMATISM "I should like to let you know of the wonderful benefit I have derived from Fynnon Salt. I have been taking it regularly every morning for 18 months. Before taking it I was a martyr to Rheumatism—now I seldom feel a twinge, besides feeling much fitter in general. You are welcome to make use of this letter, as I feel it may be of interest to other sufferers."—Noel St. John Spong (Dorchester).

Fynnon Salt for Fitness

Brilliant chemists have analysed the water of some of the curative springs and combined their most potent elements in Fynnon Salt. This means that from your own tap, you can now get the medicinal benefit of Spa water for *your* Rheumatism.

FYNNON EVERY MORNING! Stir a teaspoonful of Fynnon Salt into a tumblerful of cold or warm water, drink it before breakfast every day—and what happens? The 'salts of the earth' attack the acid waste in your blood, dissolving the pain-making crystals and rinsing the poisons clean out of your system. Rheumatic swellings subside, sudden stabs of Sciatica disappear, and creaking joints move freely and easily once again. This is happening everywhere to-day, and Fynnon Salt is the reason.

FITNESS EVERY DAY! A tumblerful of water with Fynnon Salt has Nature's power not only to rid you of rheumatic pain and disfigurement, but also to make you positively fit. Fynnon Salt stimulates liver and kidneys, thus purifying the blood and helping to get rid of superfluous fat and all clogging waste matter. All Chemists have large tins at 1/3.

FYNNON LTD., BENTFORD, MIDDX.

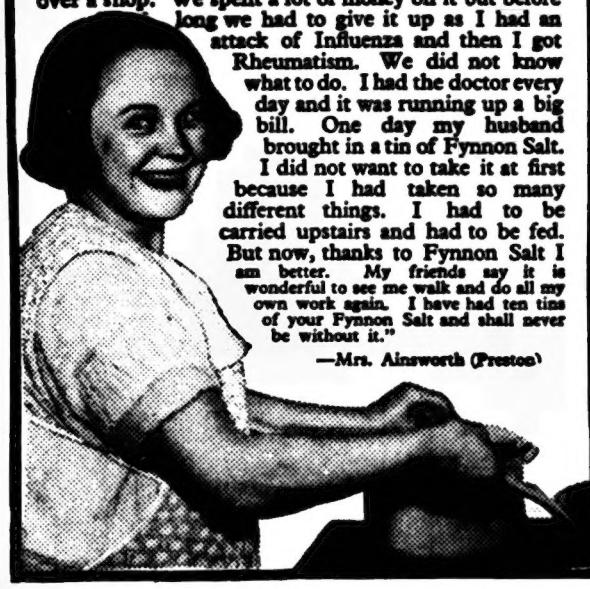
Guarantee

We guarantee that the testimonials we publish are genuine and unsolicited and that the photographs are also genuine.

Housewife had to be SPOON-FED

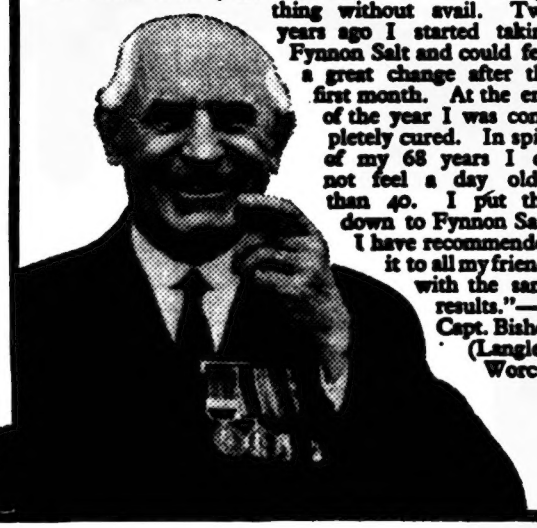
"I am 37 years of age and I know what Rheumatism is. Before Christmas, 1936, my husband and I took over a shop. We spent a lot of money on it but before long we had to give it up as I had an attack of Influenza and then I got Rheumatism. We did not know what to do. I had the doctor every day and it was running up a big bill. One day my husband brought in a tin of Fynnon Salt. I did not want to take it at first because I had taken so many different things. I had to be carried upstairs and had to be fed. But now, thanks to Fynnon Salt I am better. My friends say it is wonderful to see me walk and do all my own work again. I have had ten tins of your Fynnon Salt and shall never be without it."

—Mrs. Ainsworth (Preston)



Retired Captain COULD HARDLY MOVE

"I served more than 30 years in the Army and during various campaigns especially the last War, I was constantly wet through and had to stay in wet clothes for days. In 1918 I had acute Rheumatism and could scarsely move for months. I tried everything without avail. Two years ago I started taking Fynnon Salt and could feel a great change after the first month. At the end of the year I was completely cured. In spite of my 68 years I do not feel a day older than 40. I put this down to Fynnon Salt. I have recommended it to all my friends with the same results."—Capt. Bishop (Langley, Worcs.)



LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C. 'Phone: TEMPLE BAR 2468. THURSDAY, for week ending SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1939.

JOHN BULL

A British Institution

STRAIGHT FROM . . . . . THE SHOULDER

Build Better Ships—and Safer Roads

JOHN BULL is against placing the national life on a war basis. We denounce those who harp that war is inevitable.

But we think that nothing whatever should be left undone to ensure that, in times of stress, this nation could face it with confidence and efficiency.

Build Ships

Take the mercantile marine. In the last war we lost 7,759,000 tons of merchant shipping. Owing to submarine and aircraft progress, we might lose them at a still higher rate in another war.

At the moment, say shipping men, we have only 18,000,000 tons in all. Yet thousands of shipyard workers are idle, and foreign subsidised competition menaces our shipping trade.

In Store

Take also the storage of materials.

We're storing wheat and whale-oil. But Hitler is storing metals, too.

Britain should do the same. Our available supplies of essential metals—copper, brass, tin, lead—are very low. So metal brokers declare.

Bomb Him!

Make Britain safe—not only in defence but in its daily business!

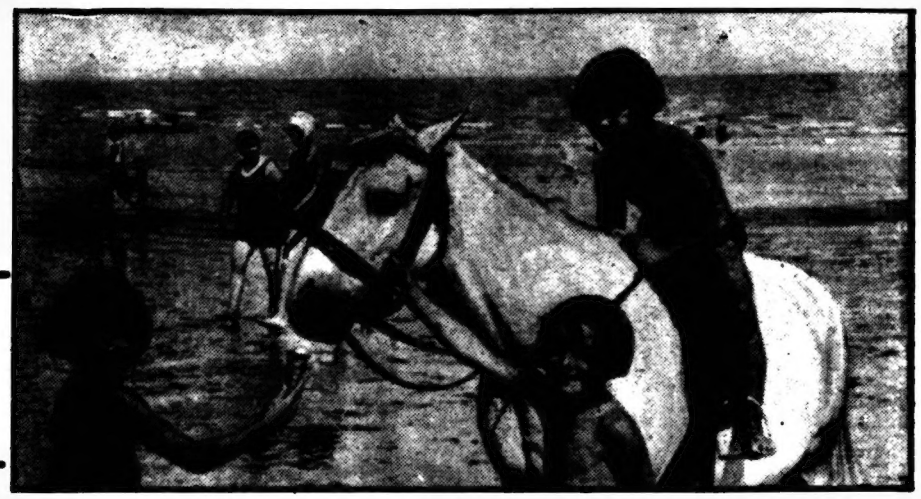
To do that we must bombard Mr. Leslie Burgin, our Minister of Transport. Not to hurt him, just to wake him.

For Mr. Burgin is a sound sleeper. While he slumbers, our roads continue to be battlefields.

50 Die Every Day

Fifty people are killed on them every day, many hundreds injured. Three thousand children are slaughtered each year as a sacrifice to carelessness and the authorities' somnolence!

In the coming year, let all children have the holiday these happy youngsters are enjoying! Only one in seven of elementary school pupils are given a fortnight's spell away from the towns



Fine work is done by the National Safety First Association in educating the public to this tragedy and folly.

That education is needed also in Whitehall.

Courtesy Cops

The perils of the road can be reduced.

One simple method is that devised by Capt. Hordern, Lancashire's Chief Constable.

His courtesy police patrols have decreased road accidents by 40 per cent., and are now being tried out in London.

Why not everywhere?

Wake Up, Mr. Burgin!

Oxford's county surveyor has been even more successful by improving road lighting, cutting away "blind" corners and laying better surfaces.

The Ministry of Transport is not impressed. Mr. Burgin is silent.

Perhaps he hopes that the Five-Year Road Plan, born three years ago and still a sickly infant, will be allowed to die unnoticed. Perhaps he is merely shy and tired.

But if the waste of 18,000 lives a year is to be stopped and our traffic given modern highways, then we must have a real road plan—one providing work for tens of thousands, yet saving the fortunes now spent in traffic delays.

And we must have it even at the cost of waking Mr. Burgin.

Still Dreaming

One of his colleagues, though awake, seems to be day-dreaming. Sir John Anderson, the Lord Privy Seal.

Sir John says there is no A.R.P. muddle. The wish is father to the thought, maybe.

Trenches under water, half-finished. Hose supplied to fire brigades that can't be fitted to hydrants. Gas-mask mix up.

Left to the Last

We have doubts about some A.R.P. measures, even if they were carried out properly. And we notice that the most constructive of them is being left till last.

Deep, bomb-proof shelters could be used as underground car parks in peace time and thus pay for themselves. All Sir John says about this project is that it hasn't been ruled out.

Unless he can give the public better value for A.R.P. money, Sir John should be ruled out.

Bunce for Mr. Bolton

A tidy sum of money, too, is being given to thirty-six-year-old Mr. G. F. Bolton—£350,000,000 of it!

Mr. Bolton runs the Exchange Equalisation Fund, which defends the pound against Continental speculators.

Does that sound dull? Well, your job may depend upon it.

Supporting the £

For if the pound is kept at an artificially high level, we shan't be able to sell our goods cheaply abroad. Trade will fall, unemployment rise.

That happened a few years ago. It mustn't happen again. So, take an interest in Mr. Bolton and his gold.

The Mean Test

After these Great Men come humbler folk who, just as clearly, deserve the nation's attention.

One is blind Mr. Harold Watson, of Brighton. Because his wife earns £1 a week, he is allowed only a 5s. blind pension. Now he is leaving his wife in order to obtain the full pension.

Stop this inhuman Means Test! Give justice to those whose lives are darkened by the saddest of all afflictions!

Forced to Steal

Then rejoice with us at the happy ending to the story of Mr. Henry James Balmer, of Barnet.

Without food for his sick wife and two children, he stole a bottle of milk.

When he was placed on probation, policemen made a collection for him, neighbours have given food, and he's been offered a job.

Good! But bad that many in this prosperous land of ours are enduring the agony of mind which made Mr. Balmer steal.

Work or Starve

Contrast that with the case of Norman Prescott Holmes, a Londoner. He, too, was hungry—and stole.

He treated himself to a 45s. meal in a restaurant for which he couldn't pay. Next day he did the same.

His father had paid his debts, amounting to thousands of pounds, and he had given up a good job. Now, rightly, he has been jailed for nine months.

In a really sensible Britain men like Mr. Balmer would be assured of a job. Wastrels like Holmes would have to work or starve.

No Holidays

The children, too, must have a chance—make them fitter for life's battles by making their bodies fitter!

Capt. Gracey, of the Save the Children Fund, proves that not more than 75,000 elementary schoolchildren of a possible 693,358 have a fortnight's holiday away from home each year.

More than a hundred education authorities make no provision for their pupils' holidays. What has Lord Stanhope, Britain's education chief, to say of this lazy Diehardism? We'd like to hear from him.

Scrap the Trams

Much more vigorous is Lord Ashfield, the transport chief. He knows that Progress depends on wise spending.

By the end of next year he will have replaced all London trams north of the Thames by trolleybuses. Less traffic congestion, greater comfort will result.

Lesson for the Croakers

MR. CHAMBERLAIN is back from Rome. A lot of critics said he should not have gone.

"What good will it do?" they asked.

If two people have been quarrelling, and one decides that the quarrel has gone on long enough and calls on the other for a chat, what good does that do?

No one can tell. But it may do a lot of good. It may, for all anyone knows, prevent their coming to blows.

Anyhow, if one party to a quarrel decides *not* to talk it over with the other, but merely to go on nagging and accusing, what good does that do?

Then the critics said Mr. Chamberlain was going to betray everyone they could think of. Betray France. Betray Spain. Betray his own country.

And none of that has come true.

The know-alls said it was going to happen. But it didn't happen.

No person, nation, or cause has been betrayed during the Rome talks.

First thing that happened when Mr. Chamberlain turned up in Rome was that the ordinary people turned out and blessed him as the peacemaker.

They remembered that if it had not been for the perseverance of the British Premier in the Czech crisis some of them would be dead by now and some of them would be mourning.

So they went on free parade to praise him.

And a very healthy sign that was for all the Governments of this warlike world.

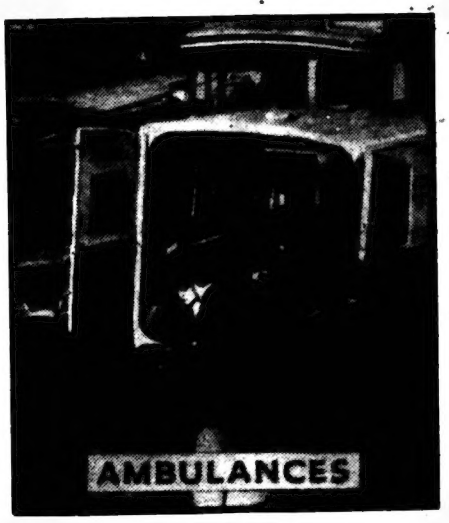
The Rome visit was another stage in the policy of direct talks around the table to see whether disagreements cannot be removed better by peaceful negotiation than by war.

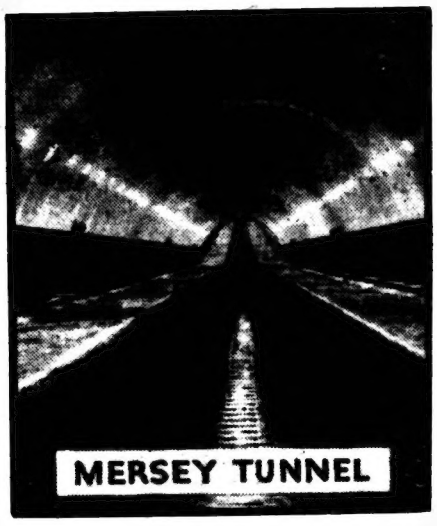
"Appease the unemployed, not Mussolini," said some of the critics.

Appease both, says JOHN BULL.

Voice of the People

Readers Write To-day About:





- **Humanity's Boundaries**
- **Best-Ever Sportsman**
- **Crazy "Panel" Misers**

I saw an accident. A fellow human being was seriously hurt.

'Phoning for the ambulance of the district concerned, I was told it was taking a case to Leeds.

Trying another district, I was told: "Very sorry, but the spot is out of our area."

I explained the situation, but the answer was: "Nothing can be done."

Humanity should know no boundaries. —E. J., Monk Bretton, near Barnsley.

We have given cases of fire brigades, ambulances, etc., stopping short at borough boundaries, or haggling as to terms while somebody lies in agony. Humanity will know boundaries until the various humanitarian services are co-ordinated on lines we have been suggesting for years.

Our Sacred Land

Buying a car, even an expensive one, you can put a small deposit down and drive away.

But try buying a house. There will be endless delays—ridiculously heavy legal charges for the building society or yourself.

Yet the former is a luxury—the latter an essential.—John Gwinnett, 270, St. Paul's Road, Smethwick, Birmingham.

Houses must stand on land, and land is the most sacred of all possessions in the eyes of the law. There has to be painstaking and extensive research to establish rightful ownership — re-registry to safeguard future buyers.

Super Sportsman

Bradman's long succession of centuries in the present Australian cricket season shows beyond doubt that he is head and shoulders over any other batsman.

Billiards players are similarly dwarfed by Lindrum, jockeys by Gordon Richards, snooker players by Davis.

One wonders who, of all sportsmen, has towered to a great extent over all his contemporaries. W. G. Grace, perhaps? Or Jem Mace?—S. N., Brighton.

John Cavanagh, an Irish house-painter who lived 100 years ago, is generally regarded as having excelled in a particular sport to a greater extent than any other man.

His game was fives, then very popular, perhaps the fastest of all games. He could take on England's two best players (Woodward and Meredith) *playing together*, and beat them as Perry would beat a good park player. He beat other players, meeting the ball with his clenched fist!

The Tenant Always Pays

When I moved into this house in January, 1931, I took over the electrical installation (7 points and one switch-and-plug point) at a rental of 5s. 6d. a quarter.

The previous tenant had been paying that amount.

I have now informed the supply company that I want to terminate the hiring agreement, as I wish to put in my own installation.

It has informed me that a charge of two pounds will be made for connecting the new installation to the company's main cable, *which is already in the house*.—G. F. Child, 45, Saxon Road, Ilford Lane, Ilford, Essex.

We have heard of cases where supply companies have been paid twenty and more times over for electrical fixed equipment, due to a succession of tenancies.

Now You Know

In the last drought, when my neighbour's well ran dry and I obliged him with some of my tap water, the local water authorities threatened me with drastic action if this occurred again.

But now the council's supply has failed. After eight days without tap water, I am relying on that neighbour's well for my water.

I am wondering what action the water authorities will take in this matter. —F. T. Curtis, 37, Allastone Road, Lydney, Gloucester.

We can tell you. They'll send you your water-rate demand as usual.

"Official" Excuse

When public vehicles are late in most Continental countries, passengers can obtain, on request, a voucher showing that the vehicle has run behind schedule.

What a boon such an innovation would be here. There must be people who run the risk of dismissal if they are late.—F. John, 155, Gladesmore Road, London, N.15.

British stationmasters will give written statements to the effect that a train is late, where requested.

So Near, yet so Far

My uncle lives within a quarter of a mile of the entrance to the Mersey tunnel, a £10,000,000 engineering marvel visited by sightseers from all parts of the world.

Yet he has never seen it—indeed, has no great desire to see it. This, despite the fact that he is retired and has plenty of time to spare.—A. M. W., Prince's Park, Liverpool.

Guide employed by leading London travel bureau says: "Londoners visiting Paris see more of that city in a week than many Parisians see in a lifetime. The same is true of Parisians visiting London. Few Athenians bother to visit the Acropolis. People living near wonders of the world always *intend* to have a look at them: rarely do."

Good-bye, Limehouse

Writers of thrillers ought to bring their minds up-to-date.

They should consult Ministry of Health statistics before locating the "underworld" in such places as London's Limehouse, Liverpool's Pitt Street, Glasgow's Gorbals, Manchester's Red Bank, etc. They seem to forget that plague spots are being swept away.—J. R. K., Pennyfields, London.

Majority of Limehouse Chinese have been moved into modern flats. When a JOHN BULL representative visited the district recently he found that most of those who remained were working in a film studio, helping to portray a sinister Limehouse.

Self-Sacrifice

A very beautiful girl joined me in a Bristol-bound train.

I was staggered to find, so long after Christmas, that she was going home for her Christmas holidays.

She told me, baldly and without any striving for effect, that she might have been home on Christmas Day itself, but that a little girl patient lying in the great hospital where she was a nurse had been calling unceasingly for her.

How often do these wonderful girls make such sacrifices?—N. Derrick, 23a, Mason Road, Erdington, Birmingham.

Says the Matron of a London hospital: "Often."

Medical Economy

For three years I have been suffering from leg trouble.

All that time, my doctor has told me that he could prescribe treatment that would cure me, but it is not in the list of treatments permitted for panel patients.

In cash benefits, medical treatment, dressings, etc., my case has already cost the State about £100, and that is far and away more than the cost of the treatment that would have put me right.—W. J. H., Gillingham, Kent.

Living on "Tick"

I am employed temporarily on a Government road scheme for the Zetland County Council.

We are supposed to be paid monthly—but a man doesn't get his wages until the sixth week of his arrival.

During that time, wives have to get credit at local shops—a humiliating procedure—and men even have to buy their cigarettes on "tick."—A. J., Northmavine, Shetlands.

It happens in connection with many road schemes. And as Bryn Roberts, general secretary of the National Union of Public Employees, revealed in our columns recently, many authorities make matters worse by insisting on paying even the lowest-paid labourers by cheque.

The Snob

I came against a new kind of snobbery yesterday.

With a supreme air of importance, a bulky woman asked in a local grocer's shop for: "One pound of best butter and half-a-pound of *maid's* butter, please." —W. Platt, 209, Flixton Road, Flixton, near Manchester.

Crystal Clear

I wonder how many people still use the old-fashioned crystal wireless receiving set?

We do. With a high aerial, not screened by buildings, and on a good night for reception, we can get foreign stations quite plainly—and with far sweeter tone than you will get on a valve set.

Only trouble is that when you ask the younger assistants at wireless shops for a crystal, they appear to doubt your sanity.—S. H., Wardley, Gateshead.

Of twenty people under the age of eighteen questioned by us, sixteen had never seen a crystal set, of whom six had never heard of one and two didn't believe that such things could ever have existed.

"Flash" Cash

Mr. Stanley Bishop's absorbing studies of crime remind me of the Derbyshire village which has given its name to one of the most familiar words in the criminal jargon.

It was in the village of Flash, some years ago, that a gang was discovered counterfeiting on a big scale. These fake coins went all over the country and were talked of at the trial as "flash" money.—P. D., Belper, Derbyshire.

Doom at the Dentist's

I was sitting in the dentist's chair waiting for his anæsthetist to arrive and administer gas, when I heard the dentist declaim, very dramatically, the one word: "Dead!"

I jumped with alarm—wondering whether a fellow-patient had died beside me.

Then the dentist came face to face with me and said: "I've just been told the doctor's telephone is dead. It's impossible to ring him. Would you mind coming to-morrow?"—Bernard W. Brotherton, 19, Chamberlain Road, Hillmorton, Rugby.

We Want

to know what you are thinking about, what you've seen or done. So write to the "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use your own drawing or photograph illustrating the letter.

And there are other pages where you can help us to help you.

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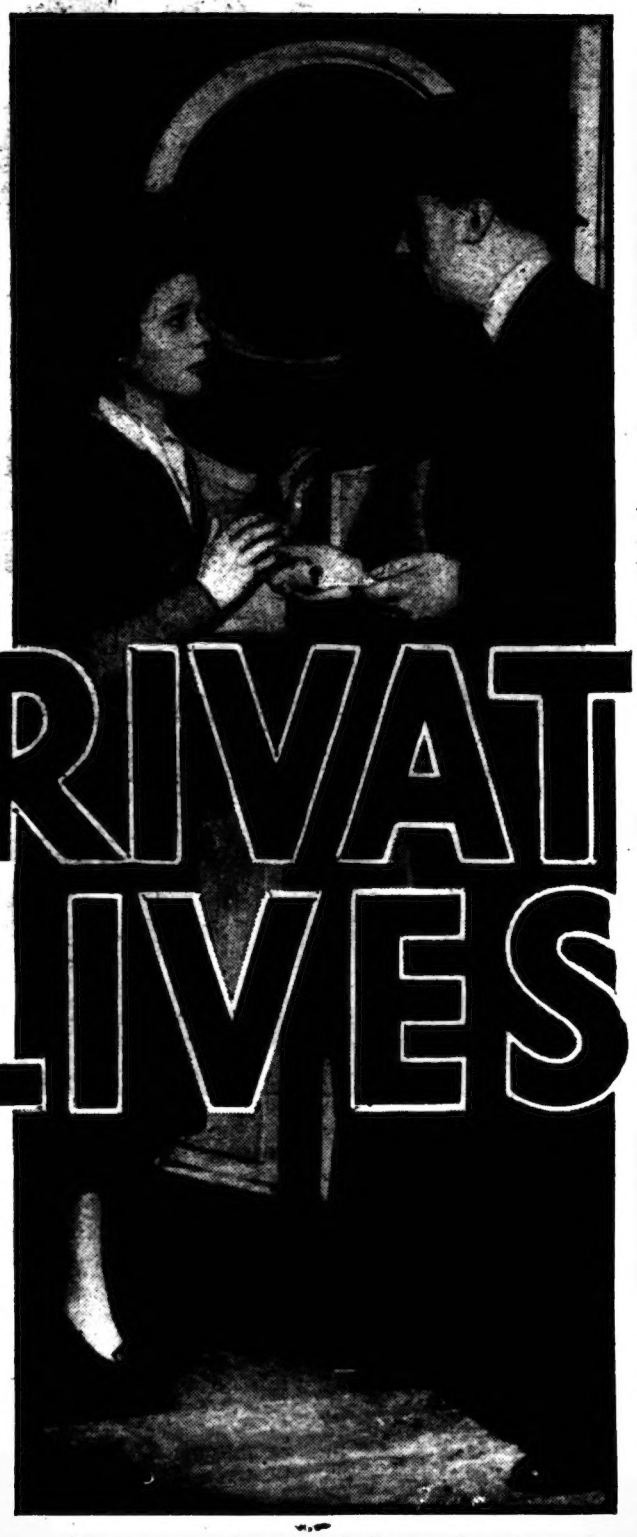
WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

They PRY into PRIVATE LIVES



The inspector, lecturing the housewife, extracts from her information which is none of his business

"What hobbies have you, and what are your political opinions?"

"Where did you get the money to pay for the malted milk which is listed in your grocery book?"

"What was your wife's social position before your marriage?"

QUOTATION No. 1 comes from a questionnaire sent to its staff by a big financial company; the second is an extract from an interview between a Means Test official and an unemployed family; the third is from a "staff dossier" enquiry sent out by a public Corporation.

Each is an example of Nosey Parkerdom at its worst. Each throws a sidelight on what is happening to the freedom of which Britons are so proud to boast.

Last week the Law Lords of England fired a shot into the place where all this pernicious inquisition has been born—into Whitehall, where they are busy burying liberty under piles of Orders in Council and unheard-of regulations.

A memorandum signed by all the judges has gone to the Lord Chancellor protesting against lawmaking by Civil servants, and demanding that Ministers' "powers" be curbed.

Last year more than 3,000 Orders were issued by various Departments.

Nearly all of them carried penalties. Parliament had seen and passed none of them!

Law botched up in back rooms off Whitehall is killing commerce as well as destroying liberty.

The road transport industry staggers along under a load of 210 Acts and regulations. There are 106 rules governing drivers alone. The bureaucrats have invented more than 2,000 possible offences within that industry.

And they have created a huge army of inspectors, busybodies of every kind, paid and unpaid Nosey Parkers to justify this monstrous pile of jerry-built legislation.

Here are some more samples of the kind of thing which is happening.

First, there is a letter which reached JOHN BULL the other day from a Yorkshire woman.

SHE has a child who was taken away from her and placed in a State institution. The Board of Control had decided that the child was mentally deficient.

Several doctors called by the mother had testified otherwise. But their opinion did not count.

That was three years ago, and she has not seen her child since.

A month ago she made an application to have the child with her for Christmas. Her application was sent to London.

During the next few days she was visited by no fewer than seven different officials.

One of them spent a long time cross-examining the father and other members of the family about their earnings. He wanted detailed figures.

Such an enquiry was, of course, totally irrelevant to the question in hand. But the family, slightly bewildered, did their best to supply the information.

ANOTHER official also banged at the front door and demanded to see all the bedrooms. He stripped off the bedclothes, peered under beds.

As it happened, the family were in a new house with nearly all new furniture.

Baffled, perhaps, this official withdrew; to be followed by others who wanted to see the food cupboards, the crockery (everything had to be taken out for inspection), the sanitary accommodation.

All this sounds slightly more crazy than anything which could be thought up by inmates of the Board's institutions—but it's true.

And the upshot of all this cruel and humiliating inquisition? The child was refused permission to go home for Christmas—on other grounds than that the home she was going to was unfit.

The Means Test is another departmental invention which is packed with monstrous examples of oppression and interference.

The Unemployment Assistance Board is just a huge machine for personal inquisition, and, on occasions, its "investigators" pass all bounds of what is permissible, even under their own Acts.

There was a case quoted in the Commons the other day of an inspector who reported that a man had piles of a political newspaper in his house, and expressed the opinion that the man was a "seditious type."

The inspector's eagle eye also noted that the man was wearing a new suit, obviously deducing from this that the applicant was getting money elsewhere, probably from the "seditious" labours.

Some of these investigators stop at nothing in their zeal to get information about hidden "means," real or otherwise.

In South Wales they are known to visit public-houses to find out when an applicant last had a drink. They pump neighbours, and have been known to produce malicious gossip as evidence.

ONE investigator, calling in the absence of the parents, extracted from a child that a brother in the Army had sent the mother 30s. to buy extra food and clothing.

The parents were taxed with this information on their return. Later an order followed in this area that all such "gifts" must be disclosed in the Means Test "pool" on which U.A.B. payments are assessed.

Education, health, transport, practically every social service measure has produced its brood of Nosey Parkers.

Among the worst of all menaces are some of the hordes of voluntary workers with whom the notebook is an obsession.

Clad in a little brief authority, they invade homes, demanding facts about this and that, and prying into every detail of domestic life.

If they are refused admittance or information a black mark goes up against the householders in the records.

The latest departmental game is the formation of the numerous Marketing Boards, all with exemplary powers.

Officials are only glorified sales managers, but with all the majesty of the law they can invade the farmer's packing sheds, his dairy, pigsty or fields.

They can call for his trading books, interrogate his labourers, lay informations, and fine him most of his income.

How many are there of this army of inspectors, investigators and official and unofficial Nosey Parkers? Nobody knows.

Official returns only give the totals of Civil servants, but at least they present some idea of the mounting cost of rule from Whitehall.

In 1914, for example, there were 350,000 Civil servants costing £31,000,000 a year. In 1936 there were 472,000 costing £87,500,000—or nearly three times as much.

This disease of "bossiness," born in Whitehall, has spread in other directions. Big Business has caught it. Most banks and insurance concerns decide at what age or salary their employees may marry.

There was a B.B.C. notice recently which said that if any members of the female staff "contemplate maternity" they should inform the Director of Internal Affairs, who would inform them of its effect on their staff position.

We have before us the questionnaire of a big oil company which wants to know how members of the staff spend their leisure time; and a staff notice from a provincial bank "suggesting" that clerks join a certain golf club—which most of them cannot afford, anyway.

THE club happens to be frequented by business men whom the bank regards as potential customers.

All this organised prying and peeping, and all this rule by Whitehall began during the war, when the whole country had to come under the eye of officials.

Now, it seems, that while our men were fighting for the world's freedom in Flanders, they were losing their own liberty at home.

That is why we hail this first shot fired by the judges against departmental rule. We hope it is followed by many more.

Reminders are needed that an Englishman's home is his castle and not a card-index drawer.

MOTHERS are in REVOLT

HALF of England starts the new school year under an educational "black-out."

Scores of schools are on strike. Angry parents are chasing education directors out of school backdoors and holding up local council meetings.

By the thousand mothers have gone on strike against the appalling muddle and chaos of our elementary school system.

They have had enough of petty local dictators who dump schools down where they please, or who order children from some great housing estate to run the gauntlet of dangerous traffic while they walk miles to some antiquated school in the crowded heart of a neighbouring town.

At Highworth, near Swindon, a strike has been in progress for fourteen months.

The Wilts County Education Committee calmly closed the school and ordered the children to Stratton, which is several miles away. The parents refused to let their children attend. Their reasons were simple —and unanswerable.

For some of the children the new school meant a dangerous journey, and for all of them a long school day without hot meals at home.

The committee insisted. Still the parents refused. Threats of penalties were of no avail.

Parents quoted the Education Act of 1921, which laid it down that proper notice should be given of a change of school so that an enquiry could take place if demanded. That notice had not been given.

They also remembered that the same Act states that minimum instruction is in reading, writing, and arithmetic. So they opened their own school, nearer home, and staffed by voluntary labour.

At Audley (North Staffs) forty parents were summoned recently in connection with a school strike which has gone on for four months.

There is the same background to this story. The Council, consulting nobody, decided on a "reorganisation" scheme which put several miles on the children's journey.

Now Audley is a distressed area. Many of the parents are unemployed and poverty-stricken; unable to afford proper boots and clothing for the children in wet weather.

At the hearing of the summonses it was said that many of the children were suffering from malnutrition.

DR. A. RILEY, medical officer of Audley's Public Assistance Committee, stated that many of the children, owing to their physical condition, should not be made to walk two miles over exposed roads in bad weather.

A suggestion was made that the children should use footpaths, to avoid traffic-laden roads. The parents objected that the paths were in a dangerous condition, and they did not want their children to use these lonely routes after dark.

The Bench solemnly inspected the footpaths, agreed that they should be made fit for children to walk upon, and adjourned the summonses against the parents of the unfit children.

Some days ago a school rebellion broke out on the Aspley housing estate near Nottingham.

Angry mothers of 120 children surrounded the Director of Education who had ordered the children's transfer to another school at Bilbrough, one and a half miles away.

Once again, the mothers' point was simple. The children would have four dangerous roads to cross to reach the new school; they could not spare four hours each day taking and fetching the children from school; and as parents they had the right to demand the nearest and safest school accommodation for their children.

A school official bluntly told the mothers at the interview that the change was "inevitable," and that they had better give in to the new scheme.

But the upshot was that the Education Director left in a hurry by the backdoor of the school.

From all over the country similar reports are flooding in of civil war between parents and local education authorities, of rebellion, "strikes" and even lock-outs.

Yes, even "lock-outs." To enforce their orders that children should be sent to another school a long distance away, the Cheltenham Corporation shut the doors of its Whaddon estate school to forty children the other day.

And JOHN BULL's postbag has been packed week by week with personal appeals from distracted mothers.

From Oulton Broad, in Suffolk, from where children have been ordered to go three miles into Lowestoft, one mother says: "School opened yesterday, the 9th of January, but nearly sixty of the hundred children in Oulton Broad will not be there.

"We have gone on strike. Why? Not because we do not want our children to have a proper education . . . but because we *do* object to making little children go three miles to school in this 'civilised' and wealthy England.

"There is no canteen at the senior school, and they have asked us to 'pack up' for our children. But sandwiches are no substitute for a hot mid-day meal for a growing child."

THE trouble at Oulton Broad began last September. The local authorities refused transport for the children.

"Get cycles," they told the parents. *They* could not afford cycles and said so.

Now the education committee have offered cycles and waterproof capes instead of 'bus transport.

But the majority of parents have refused, first because their children cannot ride bicycles, and second because the roads to Lowestoft are, in their opinion, too dangerous for young children. So another "strike" is on.

For years school strikes have exposed the crazy muddle of our educational system. And still stiff-necked officialdom doesn't care

While in some districts children are ordered miles away from their own schools, in others there is not enough school accommodation for them, or else classrooms are ramshackle wooden shelters.

A few weeks ago, at Hayes (Middlesex), which is only thirteen miles from London, two hundred children were kept away from school because there is no adequate accommodation for them in this huge housing area.

Last September the residents sent a joint petition to the education authority *asking* for a proper school, and as a result some temporary wooden structures were run up.

"During the December cold spell," said Councillor Sutcliffe recently, "children started the morning's school in these wooden buildings with their overcoats on, and in a temperature of 40 degrees."

From the Channel to the Tweed there is hardly a county which does not begin 1939 with one or more schools closed owing to strikes, with parents facing prosecutions rather than give in, and with a total of many thousands of children kept away from education.

What is the reason behind all this tragic futility?

The real reason, no doubt, is the old one—economy to be achieved by "centralisation," which means the packing of children to the maximum capacity in selected schools and *scrapping the rest.*

And the process is to be carried out without regard to the interests of children or parents.

BUT a strange feature of the present situation is the remote, Olympian attitude of the Board of Education. To all questions in the House of Commons and to all direct enquiry the reply has been roughly the same: "It has got nothing to do with us. It is the affair of the local authority concerned."

And there we touch the fundamentally rotten section of our elementary schools system. It is "nobody's baby." Or, at least, responsibility for any event or situation is so divided up that every authority from the demigods in Whitehall to the most obscure parish council can pass the responsibility to somebody else.

The local council decides *where* a child goes to school, the Ministry of Health decides what kind of school or accommodation it shall have, and the Board of Education decides what it shall learn and who shall teach it.

Three years ago JOHN BULL, in a schools campaign, led in demanding a unified control of all education.

We said then that it was the only cure for the rotten old schools. We say it again, for it is also the only remedy for the distressing school strikes which harm everybody—the stiff-necked local committees, whose decisions start the strikes, the parents, and, most of all, the children.

Don't Live Lies!

The Human Machine

PROBABLY the most courageous thing a man can do is to be himself.

For to be yourself and not just the echo of someone else implies moral stamina and intellectual strength of a high order.

It is one thing to hold an opinion through sheer obstinacy. It is quite another to hold it because of knowledge and conviction.

Someone once said that "He who dare not form an opinion must be a coward; he who will not must be an idler; he who cannot must be a fool."

For you've got to remember that it requires both strength and pluck to swim against the stream, to defy prejudice and risk unpopularity. Even a dead fish can float with the stream!

Next, bear in mind that to dare to form an opinion also implies daring to express it—daring, in fact, to speak the truth however much your fellows may deride.

Unless you both proclaim *and live* your convictions, no matter how bitter the opposition, you haven't really got any convictions worth having.

True popularity has to be earned. It can't be bought. It has to be compounded of respect and admiration and acknowledgment of sincerity.

You have to show people that you're what you claim to be. It's a sceptical world—and words are cheap!

"I had rather suffer for speaking the truth," said John Pym, the great Commonwealth rebel, "than that the truth should suffer for want of my speaking." And as a sound rule of life it still takes some beating.

Britain's greatest liner, the "Queen Mary," is the magnet that draws lads from all over the country to join Southampton's lawless boys—and the town has to bear the cost of sending them back home

Why Southampton has—

THE WORST BOYS IN BRITAIN

By a "John Bull" Investigator

BOY and girl criminals are the most troublesome problem before the police of England, Scotland and Wales to-day.

From Dundee to Plymouth, Swansea to Hull, at least a third of detective work is given over to juvenile crime.

It is an appalling position. And every year the condition is growing worse.

Even the Home Office—with Whitehall reluctance to face facts—admits that, of all crimes, 51 per cent. are committed by young people under the age of twenty-one.

Actually, however, that is not a fair statement. It does not represent the true picture.

This is a better way of putting it:—

Adults in England and Wales number twenty-eight millions.

★

YOUNG people under twenty-one number eight and a half millions.

Fifty-one per cent. of crime is due to that eight and a half millions. The twenty-eight million adults produce only 49 per cent. of crime.

There are three times as many crooks among young people as there are among adults.

The most lawless age among males is thirteen. Of every 1,000 boys of thirteen, 13.5 are found guilty of criminal offences.

Recently Mr. W. Blake Odgers, K.C., Recorder of Southampton, made some scathing comments about the amount of juvenile crime in that town of 180,000 inhabitants.

He was speaking at the opening of the Quarter Sessions, and remarked that of twenty-one prisoners on the calendar, no fewer than ten were twenty-one years old or younger. There was one boy in the dock whose age was fifteen.

"What is the reason for it?" the Recorder asked. "It is not my problem really. It is the problem of the fathers and mothers of the rising generation. I have no chance of dealing with the matter until after the crimes have been committed."

★

AND every Judge of Assize, every city and town Recorder, every chairman of Quarter Sessions is asking the same question: "What is the reason for it?"

I went to Southampton to try to learn why that town of all others in Britain should be called by its own Recorder the home of the worst boys in Britain.

After all, Southampton does as much—and probably more—in the way of social welfare work for its young people as any other large town.

Says the Chief Constable of Southampton in his latest report:—

"Crimes committed by juveniles continue to cause the police considerable anxiety and work. Some of the crimes were of a very serious nature."

Eighty boys and twelve girls under the age of fourteen years, and sixty-seven boys and ten girls between fourteen and seventeen appeared in the Southampton juvenile court during the year.

Of these young prisoners 152 were found guilty.

Youngsters were responsible for 50 per cent. of the housebreakings in Southampton.

There were forty-one cases of shopbreaking during the period of the Chief Constable's review, and thirty-six of those were carried out by juveniles.

Children were responsible for three cases of malicious wounding.

★

DURING my investigations in Southampton I heard some remarkable stories of how the junior crooks of this great seaport work.

Not long ago there was a series of expert house robberies. A considerable amount of property was stolen.

Then, as a result of good detective work, two boys were detained on suspicion.

As a result of their confessions, thirty-six cases of housebreaking were cleared up. Both the young miscreants came from good homes, and one was a pupil of a well-known school.

In another case, a child of fourteen entered and robbed twenty houses by crafty lock-picking.

Eleven cases of deliberate, planned warehouse thieving and two of receiving stolen goods were traced to a gang of youngsters, the eldest of whom was under nineteen.

Constantly Southampton juveniles—girls as well as boys—are found to be responsible for regular epidemics of thieving.

Eighty per cent. of the cycle thefts in the town are carried out by children.

The machines, after being repainted and the name transfers on them altered, are then used openly, because the young thieves know that after the alterations proof of original ownership cannot be established.

Why should Southampton gain a reputation for its crook children?

Well, Southampton is in exactly the same position as the other port towns of Britain. There is far more child crime in a port than in an inland town of comparative size.

Liverpool, Hull, Plymouth and Bristol prove the truth of that statement.

Because, you see, in every port there is a large proportion of fathers away at sea for the greater part of each year.

This means that half—and probably the sterner half—of parental control is absent in many homes. Boys have no regular contact with their fathers and tend to run wild.

Besides, the adventure sense—which can become so dangerous if misapplied—is always developed more strongly among lads living in a town which is a stepping-off place for the wide world.

Such factors acutely affect domestic life in Southampton and encourage the tendency towards juvenile delinquency to such an extent that the Recorder declares, "It is absolutely appalling."

A curious, interesting sidelight on Southampton's problem is that boys are constantly drifting into the town from all parts of the country and being picked up destitute by the police.

They all tell the same story. They have run away from home, tramped and lorry-hopped to Southampton in the hope of getting aboard the liner *Queen Mary*. She is the magnet which draws them.

"It is going to be a great deal worse," a police court official said to me, "when the new *Mauretania*, and after her the *Queen Elizabeth*, come to Southampton. Boys cannot resist these wonder ships."

These young adventurers are handed over to the probation officer, who arranges for their safe return home—and Southampton has to pay the expenses.

Police opinion puts fun fairs and pin-table parlours, of which Southampton has more than enough, as stimulants of juvenile crime.

Youngsters crowd these saloons. Beginning play with their own pennies, they soon get bitten with the craze. Then they steal to obtain extra money for the ever-attractive tables.

Another worry to the town authorities is the ease with which jewellery stolen by child housebreakers can be sold to agents who purchase old gold.

★

MOST of these agents are perfectly reputable. But there are others who will deal with children and ask no questions.

To cope with this traffic, Southampton police chiefs have suggested the need for a law to make all old gold merchants keep a register of their transactions and retain all the jewellery for a definite period.

Usually, old gold is melted down immediately after purchase, thus making recognition of stolen property impossible.

So Southampton is faced with a big, alarming and very thorny problem.

But many of the thorns are pricking police chiefs in every town in the country. Solve Southampton's puzzle and you'll heavily reduce child lawlessness everywhere.

Write to "John Bull" About it

CANDID CARTOONS by Kem
VAST MODERN DEFENCE CASTLE
CLERK OF WORKS } SIR JOHN ANDERSON.
A.R.P. TRENCH AND DUGOUT
NO HAWKERS NO BOMBERS
ALL MODERN INCONVENIENCES
Anderson:—"Waste? Not a bit of it! Think what we'll learn from it."

OPEN LETTERS . . .

Mr. J. LHIND PRATT, Recorder of Bournemouth

DEAR SIR,—So your voice must be added to the judicial doubts concerning the abolition of flogging.

Well, children used to be hanged for stealing a few pence. When this fiendish practice was stopped, judges wailed that civilisation would perish.

Judge Whiteley points out that of 316 people put on probation at the Old Bailey in the last two years, only nineteen have broken their word. Yet, as he says, the probation pioneers were ridiculed as "sloppy sentimentalists."

The sentimentalists of to-day are the honoured humanitarians of to-morrow.—JOHN BULL.

The MEMBERS, Leeds City Council

GENTLEMEN,—Your debate on goods ordered during Crisis Week will not allay indignation in your city.

Gas-mask boxes were ordered from a company of which an alderman is a shareholder.

Blankets costing £7,964, out of a total of £9,000, were bought from a firm of which the same alderman is the head.

They had to be obtained quickly, of course. But traders say there was no shortage of stocks and they had no chance to tender

Decidedly unsatisfactory!—JOHN BULL.

Judge E. W. CAVE, K.C., Bournemouth

YOUR HONOUR,—Since when has British justice allowed a man to be twice punished for the same offence and his wife and child punished also?

A Dorset man was jailed for chicken stealing. His landlord, declaring that this made him an undesirable tenant, therefore applied for the possession of his house, though the rent was not a penny in arrears.

You granted the order; the man will leave jail to find himself and his family homeless.

To me that seems a vindictive shame.—JOHN BULL.

Rev. W. GRAINGER WHITE, Haughley, near Ipswich

DEAR VICAR,—To quieten the busybodies apparently you mean to become a busybody yourself.

Your anti-gossip squad will report any slander to you, and you will make the authors prove their words or apologise.

I admire your courage in trying to lift one of the foulest blights on communal life, but I foresee difficulties in your plan.

To ignore slander is wiser, I fancy, than to recruit private policemen.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. HENDERSON STEWART, M.P., Woldingham, Surrey

DEAR SIR,—Pathetic letters pour in upon me from old people who are victims of one of the most callous forms of State meanness.

These citizens, by their long lives of toil and the sacrifices which many of them have made to rear families, have contributed much to the country's prosperity.

Now, when they are unable to work and their meagre savings are exhausted, they are expected to exist on the beggarly old-age pension of 10s. a week.

Tens of thousands of them have pawned their self-respect by going cap in hand to the public assistance committees for a few extra shillings.

Many others are on the verge of starvation, without fires or adequate clothing.

You, courageously, urge your Party chief, Sir John Simon, to raise their pensions to the level of the "dole"—17s. for a single person and 27s. for man and wife.

Fairness demands that scale. Yet hitherto Sir John, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, has refused even a shilling increase.

But discontent is growing in Parliament as well as among the public, and he will be forced to yield in the end.

My readers, I trust, will hasten that day by writing to their own M.P.s and urging them to support your plea.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. W. S. MORRISON, M.P., Minister of Agriculture

DEAR SIR,—Having no Party interests, I never intervene in Parliamentary elections.

But I hope you have noted the statement of a candidate for East Norfolk that there is not enough food in the country to last us three months in time of war.

I believe that is true, and I challenge you to refute it.

However, I am more concerned with the peace-time plight of agriculture than its problems in a hypothetical emergency, and I know that it must be remedied if our prosperity is to avoid a grave set-back. You, unfortunately, appear content to rest on laurels that have long since faded.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. GEOFFREY LLOYD, M.P., Home Office

DEAR SIR,—"You cannot get people to volunteer for A.R.P. work if you are going to fill their houses with other people's brats and other people."

That comment on your evacuation schemes comes from Capt. M. D. Evans, A.R.P. organiser for Wimborne, Dorset.

Perhaps the gallant captain has no "brats" of his own, but why should his precious volunteers be given better consideration than those engaged on more active duty?—JOHN BULL.

Sir RODERICK MEIKLEJOHN, Civil Service Commissioner

DEAR SIR,—Public school girls, in the recent examination for the Civil Service executive, were asked which side in the Spanish civil war had their sympathy—and why.

Your Commission's airy assurance that all papers are judged impartially is unconvincing.

I am sure no examiner would consciously allow himself to be swayed by political prejudice. But the danger that he might do so unconsciously should not be tolerated in a democracy.—JOHN BULL.

The COUNCIL, Association of Funeral Directors

GENTLEMEN,—Undertakers' touts who badger the relatives of accident victims have often aroused my anger. You, I know, are doing your utmost to stamp out the ghoulish practice.

Let me tell you of a new development. An aged woman, whose husband lay ill, was worried by the touts four days before the man died!

Slick business. And a heartless, revolting one.—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. SARAH BROWN, Southwold, Suffolk

DEAR MADAM,—Congratulations on being the luckiest woman of the week.

Many years ago a shock robbed you of your hearing; now you have regained it.

The first sound you heard was a wireless crooner. "Turn off that horrible noise!" you cried.

You must find it hard to believe that some people are paid a fortune to make that strange noise, and I find it hard to believe your comment that crooning almost makes you wish to be deaf again!—JOHN BULL.

A. G. Gardiner says the Mediterranean should be . . .

EVERYBODY'S SEA!

JOHN BRIGHT once said that the only virtue of war was that it taught people geography. War and the fear of war are the sole preoccupation of the world to-day, and never were maps more anxiously studied.

Among them that of the Mediterranean is for us most significant.

In a recent article I said that the old pre-war world structure had gone and that in the vast happenings of to-day we are witnessing the beginnings of a new world structure.

What that structure will be like depends on whether Hitler and Mussolini are to be the joint architects or whether the whole community of nations is to co-operate in making the plans.

In either case, the future of the Mediterranean will play a decisive part.

What is the crucial issue there? In a word, it is whether it is to be nationalised or internationalised; whether it is to be the property of one country or the property of all countries.

The question is vital, for the Mediterranean is the most important sea highway in the eastern hemisphere. Any obstruction there would throw the whole commerce of the world into chaos.

Roughly speaking, for more than a century, ever since the days of Nelson, Britain has been the dominant Power in the Mediterranean, thanks to our unchallenged supremacy at sea and our command of the exits and entrances.

We may claim that under our sway the freedom of the Mediterranean has been more secure than at any period in its history. No suggestion that we have sought to use our dominion in our own interest has ever been made.

ON the other hand, we have always been sensitive to any menace to our position there, as in the days of our childhood, when Russia was aiming at becoming a Mediterranean Power and the music-halls rang to the refrain, "The Russians shall not have Constanti-no-ple."

Now a much more formidable challenge is sounded. It is more formidable for two reasons.

On the Tunisian border these Senegalese troopers of France face the soldiers of Mussolini

Sea power, especially in the narrow seas, is no longer so decisive as it was. The aeroplane and the submarine together have made the big ship more vulnerable and restricted its activities.

In the second place, the challenge comes from a country inside the Mediterranean, and from a country fired with the spirit of conquest, led by a man of the Napoleonic strain and allied to a Power equally ambitious and far more formidable.

Mussolini, like Hitler, has never made any secret of his goal. That goal does not conflict with Hitler's—at present.

The one aims at the control of the Continent, the other at the control of the Middle Sea.

Mussolini's dream is the re-establishment of the Roman Empire and the conversion of the Mediterranean into a Roman lake—"our sea," as the phrase goes.

All his achievements are directed to the purpose of displacing Britain from her control of the Mediterranean.

The Abyssinian adventure threatened the Suez Canal at one end, the Spanish adventure is designed to enable him to lock the entrance to the Mediterranean at the other end.

The occupation of the Balearic islands, the huge fortifications of Pantellaria in the narrow channel between Sicily and Tunis, the concentration on the air and submarine arms, the claims to Jibuti, Corsica and Tunis—all these things are a part of his vast imperial ambitions.

FROM those ambitions he has never wavered, and all his associations with Hitler are to that end.

We cannot usefully or reasonably complain of those ambitions. If we were in the position of Italy, a country almost surrounded by the Mediterranean and straddling nearly across its middle, we should share some of those ambitions.

We should admit that Britain had preserved the freedom of the great highway, but we should squirm at being dependent on the good will and honour of a distant Power.

So far, it is not easy to find fault with the Italian challenge. It is the method of the challenge, and the aim behind it, that must be resisted.

The method is the mailed fist. The ultimate aim is the conversion of a free highway into the national property of a single State, advantageously situated to close it at will and frankly determined to exploit it for its imperial designs.

The question of the future of the Mediterranean cannot be settled on the terms of "Stand and deliver." Nor is it a question that any single nation can be left to decide by force.

THE FREEDOM OF THE MEDITERRANEAN IS AN INTEREST, NOT ONLY OF THE COUNTRIES ON ITS SHORES: IT IS AN INTEREST OF ALL NATIONS. IT IS NOT "OUR SEA": IT IS EVERYBODY'S SEA.

Italy has no more right to dominate it than half a dozen other nations.

Spain is a Mediterranean Power.

France is a Mediterranean Power.

So are Yugo-Slavia, Greece, Turkey, Egypt.

Is there one of these countries which would exchange the security of the present *régime* for the sovereignty of the ambitious adventurer whose creed is violence and whose only argument is blood and iron?

It may be that the time has come when the political status of the Mediterranean will have to be revised. I think it has.

BUT IT WILL NOT BE REVISED AT THE POINT OF THE PISTOL.

The freedom of the great highway from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean, which has been guaranteed so effectually and so disinterestedly by Britain and France, will not be sacrificed to a voracious imperialism.

Whatever change is made in the control of the Mediterranean must come as a part of that new world structure that is being evolved through the stress and convulsions of these times.

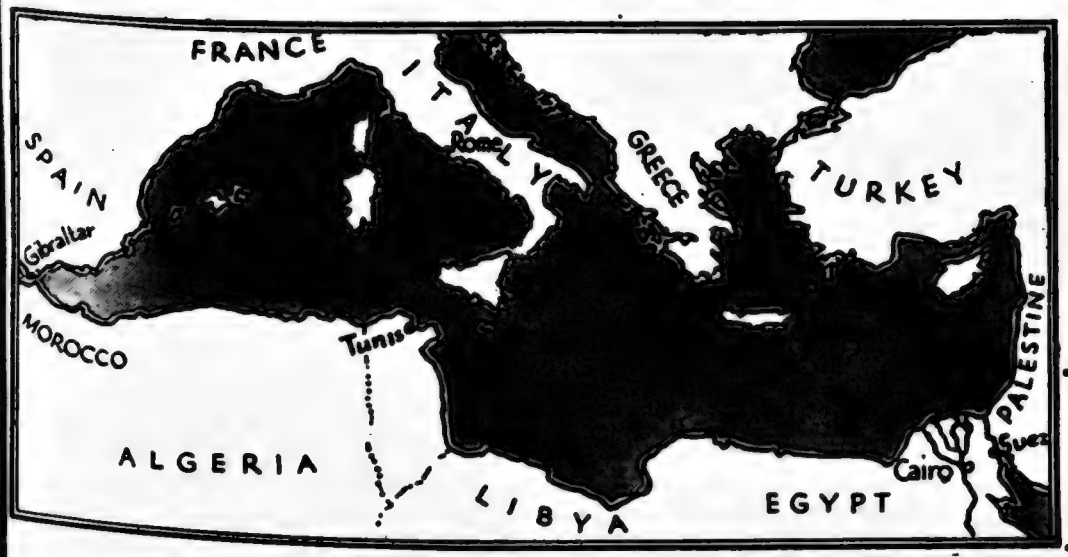
It may be true that Britain can no longer, in view of modern conditions and new national aspirations, exercise that predominant power in the Mediterranean that she has exercised for a century; but neither can Italy, neither can any country.

The plain course in this, as in other matters, such as the governance of subject peoples, is to treat the problem as the common problem of all the civilised nations whose interests are equally concerned.

IT is difficult, in the blinding torment of the world to-day, to believe that we are all the time moving to that ideal of Tennyson's, "the Parliament of Man, the federation of the world."

But it may be that the very violence of events is hastening that achievement.

MEANWHILE, OUR DUTY IS CLEAR. IT IS TO YIELD NOTHING TO FORCE AND TO BE PREPARED TO YIELD MUCH TO REASON, CO-OPERATION AND GOOD WILL.



Gateway to the East, the Mediterranean must be kept free for all nations

World War Secrets

ON pages 4 and 5 JOHN BULL announces the final opportunity for its readers to secure its historic presentation, "The World Crisis," 1911-1918—Winston Churchill's immortal story of the Great War, now available at a price that *everyone* can afford.

This work has never before been obtainable by the general public in its complete unabridged form under £5 2s., but because, in these anxious times, it is a work every home should have and read, JOHN BULL gives its readers the opportunity to secure it in Two Volumes at only 3s. 9d. per volume, *carriage free.*

Readers pay for each volume after they receive it.

Mr. Winston Churchill's world-famous work on the Great War, the importance of which has been accepted by all the nations of the world, will stir you.

"The World Crisis," with its 1,400 pages, *invaluable maps, charts, diagrams, secret documents and official memoranda of great historic value, is not only an unforgettable record of the World War,* BUT IS ALSO A WARNING. *History is once more marching along the same road.*

Turn at once to pages 4 and 5 and post the Final Reservation Forms at once.

Don't delay. Remember, this is your last chance.

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS WARNS YOU . .

WOMEN readers are complaining about an appliance foisted on them by women canvassers who usually say they are "from the clinic."

This gives the impression that they mean a local clinic, but when pressed they explain it is "Dr. Young's Clinic," The Broadway, Wimbledon, Surrey.

It *was* Dr. Young's Clinic, but he is dead. He was an American doctor.

Now it is just a business run by B. C. Clarke.

My advice is not to bother with anything offered by sales methods of this description.

* * *

NEW recruit to the spare-time work racket is Mrs. S. Riley, of the Suffolk Employment Agency, Ipswich Street, Stowmarket, Suffolk.

Hers is no "get-rich-quick" scheme, she emphasises, but it all ends with the usual request for a fee of 15s., and the purchase of "high-grade materials" to do the work.

* * *

JAMES LEROY McCUNE, whom I called "The Grasshopper" because he jumped from one shady enterprise to another, has just been sent to jail for six months.

He was charged at Bournemouth for stealing and obtaining money by false pretences in connection with his last debt-collecting company ramp, which I exposed.

"A cunning and plausible scoundrel about whom nothing can be said in his favour," was how the police described him.

He has a long list of convictions in Australia, whence he came to this country four years ago.

Look out For Mr. Holden

REQUEST by a reader for advice about a financial proposition made to him has revealed the newest disguise of Wilfred Herbert Holden, a rogue I lost sight of since he went to jail about two years ago.

Dodington, Gregory and Co., of 35, Great James Street, Bedford Row, London, W.C., he calls himself now.

It is the same old ramp, though—professing to value property, arrange mortgages and find investors willing to provide capital for business enterprises.

The reader who wrote to me advertised for a partner. A man who replied said he would consider the proposal if a company was formed, and put him in touch with Dodington, Gregory and Co.

Next move was one typical of Holden. He asked for an advance fee of £25 to register the company.

Happily, he did not get the money in that case, but I have a report of a woman who parted with £50 before she became suspicious and consulted a solicitor.

Now that I have traced him again, Mr. Holden may be assured that I shall watch his activities very carefully.

SPECIAL DOSSIER - I

BEWARE OF THIS BANK!

DURING the past few weeks anxious callers at the Middlesex Banking Co., Ltd., of Lime Street Square, London, E.C., have been met with all kinds of excuses.

Though they have been assured that "everything will be all right," they are faced with the unpleasant realisation that there is difficulty in paying out money from their deposit accounts.

Enquiries made by my investigators show very clearly that, far from "everything being all right," this strange "bank" appears to have little if any real financial backing.

Originally it was a small but thoroughly reputable concern, commonly promoted by groups of merchants.

A few years ago, however, it passed into other hands, and since then its career has been very chequered.

Its name has more than once been used to raise money for dubious companies, which have ended in disaster, and the "bank" itself has sent out circulars inviting participation in share gambles banned by the Stock Exchange.

About 1932 a Swiss named George Gustavus Adolphus Berenger became the leading light. His original name had been Dockringer, and he changed it by deed poll.

He is charming, speaks excellent English, and lives in a large house at Keats Close, Hampstead.

Detective-Inspector Glasspool, of the City of London police, making enquiries about the "bank" in 1934, discovered that Berenger was an undischarged bankrupt. He was prosecuted for taking part in the direction of a limited company.

The fine of £50 did not worry him much. He just styled himself manager.

By that time he had become adept at dealing with worries of this kind.

A good many had come his way since he had arrived in England, more than ten years before.

That was after he had run through about £10,000, left him by his father. He inherited it in the form of securities when he was twenty-one and was still living in Switzerland.

Berenger's first venture in London was a financial agency for raising loans for public utility undertakings in Europe. It did not last long.

A few years later he joined a notorious financier in promoting an investment corporation.

In the capacity of European manager he made many journeys to the Continent in search of capital for various schemes.

It was when this concern fizzled out in 1932 that Berenger was made bankrupt.

But that did not stop him acquiring the Middlesex Banking Company. He was described as manager at first, but he was really in charge.

Alderman Sir Maurice Jenks, the magistrate who fined Berenger £50. (Left) Detective-Inspector Glasspool, who made the investigations

When he made an unsuccessful attempt to secure his discharge from bankruptcy the Official Receiver urged that he had been guilty of rash and hazardous speculations. Also that he incurred large debts without reasonable prospect of being able to meet them. He owed nearly £30,000 and his assets realised only about £25.

Eventually he did secure his discharge.

Such was the man who wriggled his way to the control of a concern that sought to be regarded as a "bank."

Records which have been filed show that it was the last thing it was justified in doing.

Instability runs right through the accounts and there have been many pointed comments in reports by auditors.

One reads: "We have not obtained all the information and explanations we have required, in as much as certain vouchers which we are informed have been lost have not been produced, and the books and records are in consequence incompletely written up."

Another was: "The dormant current and discount accounts are nearly all uncollectable and quite bad."

The last balance-sheet filed shows a debit balance and loss in excess of the issued capital.

Many of the accounts held by the company are for small amounts of a few hundred pounds, often representing the savings of the depositors.

When one man who had an account for £100 died, his widow could not obtain the money.

She consulted a solicitor and, although he took a serious view of the transaction, he advised it would probably be useless spending money on litigation in view of the financial position of the firm.

Two women who made several attempts to withdraw their money were eventually given post-dated cheques!

Complaints from other people are being investigated by the police.

Write to "John Bull" About it

Wily West Brothers

PEOPLE pay large sums for property they have never seen.

They are, of course, the victims of bogus estate agents, but, allowing for the cunning of these facile rogues, it stands out as surprising proof of the public's gullibility.

Messrs. Jackson, Hill and Partners, who used impressive notepaper and an address—actually one room—in Bruton Street, Mayfair, London, specialised in the trick.

I described recently how they secured £675 from one woman.

Now I find that other dupes include an elderly man who paid £2,000.

In his case, not only did he never see the property he imagined was being bought for him, but it has since been found that it never even existed!

All the negotiations were carried out by post, and the master touch of the swindle was the way this old man's caution was swept aside by convincing stories that the bargain had to be snapped up at once. Exactly the same subterfuge was used to bluff the woman who parted with £675.

Two brothers named West were behind the concern.

One of them, John Leopold, who registered the firm, had recently been in jail for fraud.

He was supposed to have handed over his interests in the business to his brother Joseph, but it seems clear that this was just a screen.

Their nimble wits were joined in spinning the web to catch clients.

Certainly they made a great show of appearing to be first-class estate agents. Their advertisements and literature were attractive, and their letters gave the impression of sound, business-like methods.

Police are now investigating complaints from victims of the West brothers. The sooner they are called to account, the better.

SPECIAL DOSSIER—2

Innocent Man Spent Four Days in Jail

KEPT in custody for four days on suspicion of being a thief, a young married Scotsman has been denied the elementary justice of clearing his name in open court.

He is Alexander McKendrick, aged thirty-two, who lives with his wife and three children in MacLaurin Street, Johnstone, a suburb of Paisley.

I never lose sight of the difficulties under which the police have to work and that some mistakes are inevitable, but it does seem that this young man has just grounds for complaining of his treatment.

Being accused of a crime of which he is clearly guiltless is sufficiently distressing, but to be left with a cloud hanging over him in his home surroundings is inexcusable.

McKendrick appears to have been mistaken for a man who pawned a suit which was among other things stolen from a house in Paisley.

After being interviewed at his home by detectives, he was asked to call at Paisley police station the following morning. He did so, and was told to return the same evening.

Alexander McKendrick, victim of the blunder

Finger-Print

Then, when he had been photographed and his finger-prints taken, he was staggered to learn that he was to be arrested.

He was placed in a cell and, because it was Saturday, was not brought before a magistrate until the Monday morning.

A remand in custody for forty-eight hours was ordered, and, at the end of that time, he was released on bail by the Sheriff.

He was supposed to appear again in a fortnight, but barely a week later he was informed that the charge against him had been dropped.

During the time he was in jail his wife was expecting her third child.

After all that had happened he was naturally anxious that the charge against him should be dealt with in public, but he has just been left in the unsatisfactory position of trying to explain the circumstances to those who know him.

Suspicion apparently fell on McKendrick because he had been to the pawnshop to ask if he could obtain a National Health Insurance document left in the pocket of a suit which had been pawned for him some time previously.

Identity Parade

But that was four days before the stolen suit was taken to the shop, and it is difficult to understand how McKendrick could have been mistaken for the man who pawned the stolen clothes.

The grave blunder seems to have been made at an identification parade.

Another point which should be cleared up is that, in the meantime, a man has been sent to jail for breaking into a number of houses in Paisley.

Was one of them the house which McKendrick was wrongfully accused of entering?

Judges take up the fight

COUNTY Court Judges are not mincing words in condemning the methods used by representatives of some firms to obtain advertisements for guide books.

At Ramsgate a few days ago, Judge Clements said that the signature of one boarding-house keeper had been obtained by the grossest fraud.

He was dealing with claims by the Receiver appointed to wind up Messrs. King and Welton, Ltd., who published "Holiday Travel By Coach in 1938."

In one case he gave judgment against the company, and in three instances where he allowed the claim he indicated his attitude by ordering payment at the rate of one shilling a month.

His Honour expressed the hope that his decisions would help to discourage the methods disclosed.

The Receiver, of course, has no option but to make the claims.

At the same court, costs were allowed to fifteen boarding-house proprietors against whom proceedings by the Catherine Press, of Aldwych, London, had been withdrawn.

This concern uses the business name of World Travel Association, and again the abandoned claims referred to guide book advertisements.

Cyril John Pickering is behind the Catherine Press and associated companies, and later I shall have more to say about them.

£10,000— for 2s.!

I HAVE never come across a more barefaced ramp than the football scheme which is now being operated by H. K. Turner, of 10a, Allen Edwards Road, London, S.W.

He starts off with a flamboyant advertisement, offering for 2s. a "secret £10,000 hints" book which, he says, will cost £1 1s. when published in the ordinary way.

This, it is explained, is a "special pre-publication offer pending arrangements to place it on the bookstalls."

Early in November a Mr. R. McLeay was, I find, sending out circulars making a similar offer from another address, but the price was then 5s.

The title of the book is "How To Bet And Win In Football Pools."

It consists of sixteen pages and contains nothing more than you can read almost every day of the week in your newspaper.

* * *

Hints, such as there are, are about as secret as a sparrow hopping about in a London street.

But the most superb piece of impudence is yet to come.

The advertisement stresses that this marvellous publication "dispenses entirely with the necessity to employ professional football tipsters."

Yet shortly after one reader bought the book he received a stereotyped letter from Mr. Turner offering to sell him tips weekly, monthly or quarterly!

Whatever other risks you may feel inclined to take in any little gamble, don't make the mistake of being hoodwinked by this blatant racket.

Public Benefactor

Information furnished by Mr. E. Crampton, of Moulton, near Spalding, Lincolnshire, looks like providing an exposure of exceptional interest. He therefore receives the £1 1s. this week.

Mark your envelopes: Public Benefactor.

"Babyface" and Her Thirty Thieves

AN expert gang of women thieves, rather like the "White Elephants" who were once so notorious, is making big hauls in various parts of the country.

The old gang, whose methods they seem to be copying, acquired its curious name because the leader, Helen Scarlett, always wore a small, diamond brooch with a white elephant in the centre.

Her vivid blue eyes earned her the nickname of "Helen with the Dazzling Eyes." Her booty ran into many thousands of pounds before the band was broken up.

This new gang is not so well organised, but already it includes about thirty of the cleverest women thieves in the country.

Just now, they are making a great deal of money by shop-lifting, impersonating credit customers, stealing shoppers' handbags and cashing bogus cheques.

The sales, with their big crowds, help them considerably, of course.

* * *

Scotland Yard has warned police throughout the country, and the Chief Constable of Maidstone has sent a special caution to all stores and shops in the town.

Women shoppers, he says, should be careful not to lay down their handbags while inspecting goods.

Head of the organisation is an elusive crook known in the underworld as "The Babe," or "Babyface."

That name was given to her many years ago because her childlike face always disarmed suspicion.

Now she is about fifty, her baby face has become florid, and she looks an adventuress—but she is still amazingly cunning in covering up her tracks.

Time and again the police have felt sure that she has been behind various robberies, but they have never been able to bring her to the dock.

It is known that she controls a number of establishments used to hide stolen property. When they have been raided not a trace of "The Babe" could be found.

The nearest they got to her was about six weeks ago when they captured a woman named Lilian Baker, who also called herself "Stewart" and "Hart."

She kept a small hotel at Maidenhead and several boarding-houses in the West End of London. They were just screens for receiving and concealing stolen goods.

* * *

"The Babe" was one of her closest associates, and at one time detectives thought they had at last found evidence to prove her guilt. But again she had been too clever for them.

Lilian Baker was convicted at the Old Bailey as a fence and sent to jail for four years.

One of the haunts used by "The Babe's" new gang is a club in Soho, London.

The police frequently call there, so care is taken that none of the thieves ever have any of their loot in their possession when they go to the club.

It is there, though, and also in a small West End café, that they make their plans.

A picturesque member of the band is a fifty-year-old Irishwoman named Mary Kathleen Delaney, who, of course, has a string of aliases, including "Mary McGrath" and "Kathleen McCraith."

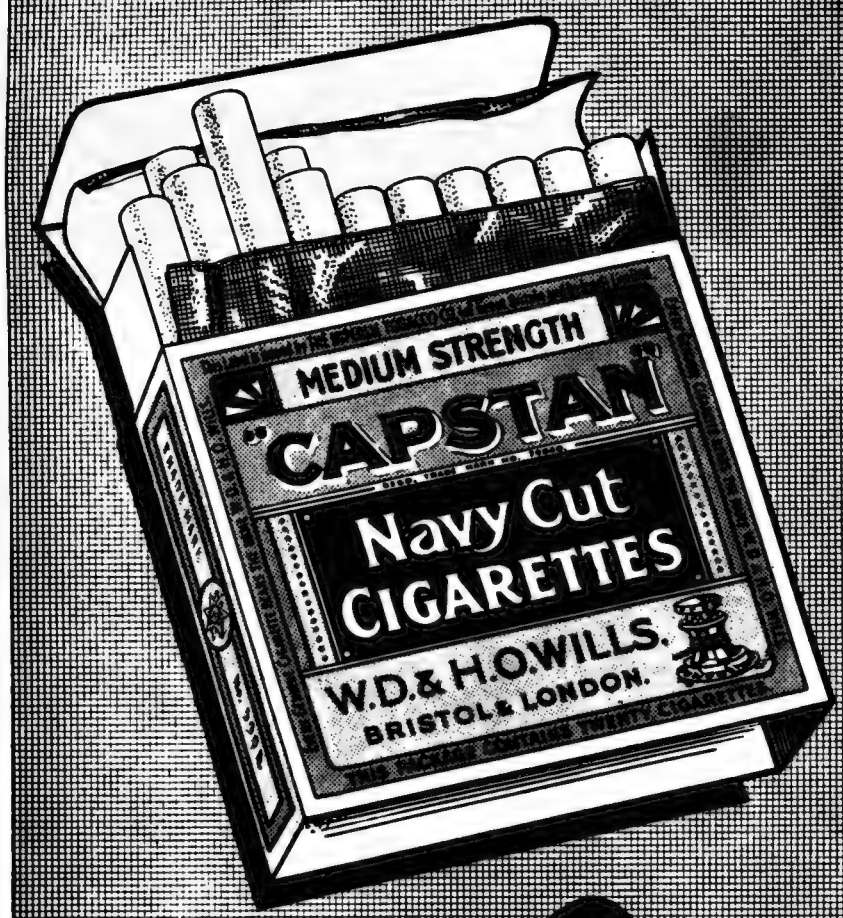
* * *

Many victims have picked out her photograph in the Rogues Gallery at Scotland Yard.

Warrants have been issued for her arrest, so she is now working behind the scenes as much as possible.

With her, shop-lifting is a fine art. She has been known to take goods and slip them into cleverly hidden pockets in her clothing, even when assistants were serving her.

10 FOR 6P 20 FOR 11½P



THE DEMAND INCREASES DAILY

—W.D. & H.O. Wills.

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. G.G.4202.

Even as you apply Cuticura Ointment you feel its marvellous soothing effect. Within five minutes that maddening, sleep-wrecking itch will be relieved. Then the healing antiseptic ingredients sink to the very source of the Eczema. With every application the place looks healthier as the eruption dies down. It shrinks in size daily. Scaling stops, weeping dries up and new spotless skin appears and spreads until no trace of Eczema remains. Often, a single tin of Cuticura Ointment is sufficient to clear up a stubborn skin eruption of years standing.

Cuticura Ointment kills germs and repels them. It prevents septic poisoning and gathering and draws out inflammation.

A magical healer of Pimples, Boils, Ulcers, Cuts, etc., and an ideal first-aid for Burns and Scalds.

★ Sufferers from Eczema should, in the bath and when washing, use only Cuticura Soap. Made especially for cleansing skin troubles, it is as mild and soothing as fresh dairy cream.

Cuticura BRAND OINTMENT

KILLS SEPTIC GERMS - DRAWS OUT POISONS

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee :—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

FALSE TEETH CLEANED LIKE NEW

'My plate was in a fearful state—simply black. 'Steradent' took off every stain. It is marvellous.' W.H., Salford.

Fill the cap of the tin with 'Steradent' and pour the powder into a glass containing sufficient warm water to cover the dentures. Stir well. Leave your dentures in it while you dress or overnight. You take them out immaculately clean. Every stain disappears. Even the blackest tobacco stains of years' standing vanish completely after a few treatments. Left in 'Steradent' overnight, the natural colour is restored by morning.

'I consider 'Steradent' to be the best denture Cleaner in existence,' writes Mr. W., L.D.S., R.C.S., Ed., a leading Dentist.

'Steradent' is harmless to dentures. Price 1/-. Double size 1/9. At all chemists.

IMPORTANT: Be sure you get 'Steradent'. Dentists recommend it.

Steradent Ltd., Kingston Works, Hull.

Steradent

cleans and sterilizes false teeth

Protect face and lips from cracks and chaps

By using

Snowfire Tablet

3d. Family Size 6d. & 7 d.

Soft Snowfire Cream 3d.

SECRET STATESMEN

Flitting from country to country on missions shrouded in mystery, famous men and women are acting as "unofficial ambassadors," and are helping to solve the world's problems with a new kind of diplomacy—the diplomacy of the "personal touch"

COLONEL LINDBERGH, America's ace-aviator, has stirred up some strange things in the past few weeks.

His last private report to the American Government in his own handwriting stated: "Germany's air power makes her supreme in the skies as Great Britain is on the seas."

Previously Lindbergh had collected the second highest German honour from Hitler, the Order of the German Cross, with Star, for distinguished aviation services.

Of what did those services consist?

So far as we can discover, they were simply telling Britain that Germany's air force could defeat the combined forces of France, Russia and England.

Subsequently, Russia reviled him for condemning their own air force.

Ickes, America's Secretary of the Interior, then attacked Lindbergh on the grounds that he should never have accepted the German order.

A pretty kettle of fish. Its meaning is clear in some respects.

Firstly, this Lawrence of the Air has become the world's most mysterious ambassador without portfolio.

Officially the United States will not acknowledge him. Unofficially, he has engineered a set of international jitters which may be either dangerous or extremely useful.

Under a pro-German guise—confirmed by his acceptance of the German honour—he gained information he could never have unearthed otherwise.

Mr. Montagu Norman has a flair for privately unearthing information which he could never get officially

THAT information was *not* conveyed privately to certain circles in England. The myth of the Cliveden Set explodes rather badly in this instance.

Led by Lady Astor, the Cliveden Set is credited with running no small part of our Cabinet. Lindbergh's information about Germany's air force was not produced over Lady Astor's luncheon table at 4, St. James's Square.

It was given, on the advice of Ambassador Kennedy, direct to Mr. Chamberlain.

Unquestionably, it influenced the Munich talks, but, for all the world may say of Lindbergh, his sympathies are still with the States. Under various guises he still works in their interest.

Ambassadors without portfolio are playing tremendous parts in international politics to-day.

PRIVATE talks, informal dinners, the freedom of the unattached expert have produced remarkable results.

Lady Austen Chamberlain, F. W. Ricketts, Lord Rothermere, Lord Willingdon, Lawrence of Arabia, Montagu Norman and Gertrude Bell all, at different times, have worked ex-officio in British diplomacy.

February of this year will see Lord Rothermere off to Australia. Ostensibly he goes on private business. Actually, he has Whitehall's blessing.

He will examine the whole business of immigration afresh. His luxury suite aboard the liner *Dominion Monarch* will become the centre of many conferences.

Leading citizens at different Australian ports will be invited aboard to give their views. Imperial defence matters are on the agenda, too.

For some years now Lady Chamberlain, widow of Sir Austen Chamberlain, has played her part in secret diplomacy. Italian troubles are her speciality.

She was largely responsible for clinching the Anglo-Italian pact. Of course, she will not admit it. Nor will the Government.

Similarly, the Premier's sister-in-law influenced Mussolini's decisions to withdraw troops from Spain.

Here there were facts behind the news which never came to light. Facts which imply that Lady Chamberlain also had a hand in the actual negotiations between Franco and Mussolini.

While she was staying in Brittany she took the opportunity to slip across into Insurgent Spain.

She was received by the leading military and civic authorities. Finally, she had a private meeting with General Franco's wife at Ferrol. Shortly afterwards, Mussolini began withdrawing his men.

LORD WILLINGDON'S visit to Buenos Aires some weeks ago drew very little attention. His programme seemed fairly elaborate for a private visit.

Was he there "unofficially on business"?

Well, the Anglo-Argentine Trade Agreement expires this year—nobody seems to have remembered that—and the future prospects of Anglo-Argentine trade have caused some concern recently.

Montagu Norman politely sidetracked the most persistent reporters when he visited Dr. Schacht in Berlin.

He arrived one Thursday morning, was whisked away to Schacht's house and, as usual, left the whole world guessing.

Even his presence at the monthly meeting of the Bank of International Settlements was speciously explained . . .

Montagu Norman privately investigated the Czechoslovakian Loan months before it came into operation. He has a flair for privately unearthing information he could never get officially.

Following his latest visit to Berlin, we shall soon get an answer to the City's questions about the Jewish Refugee Loan. That was one of the main objects of his visit.

Another object of his visit was to investigate Germany's position as regards its debts to private banks in the City. Mr. Norman fears those debts may be repudiated.

Colonel Lindbergh, the "Lawrence of the Air," won Hitler's confidence and learned the facts of Germany's air strength

The activities of F. W. Ricketts were something of a poser. This broad, smiling gentleman, always well-dressed, whose oil deals and shadow-diplomacy have periodically startled the world, was never acknowledged by the British Government.

His last act before he left London on a secret mission to Addis Ababa in 1935 was to telephone his first wife, saying, "Good-bye . . . I'm not sure whether I shall come back alive."

He did. Meanwhile, his colossal scheme involving ten million pounds linked his name with Haile Selassie's on the front page of every newspaper in the country.

The work of Lawrence of Arabia is too well known to need extensive repetition. The most polished statesman in the world, with the highest diplomatic degrees, could never have done what Lawrence did. He was bred and born for unfettered, unofficial work.

ARABIA produced another remarkable ambassador without portfolio. This time a woman.

Gertrude Bell was known variously as "Diana of the Desert," the "Uncrowned Queen of Baghdad," and "Light of Our Eyes."

She became a vital link between the British and the Arabs, and only now are we beginning to appreciate how many near-Eastern problems were solved by her unofficial work.

She set the standard for many who have followed her.

By purely private effort she settled difficulties which completely baffled officialdom. Her method gets wider application every month.

Many major diplomatic moves will in the near future be negotiated by unofficial ambassadors.

● The man who wrote this article dare not reveal his name. If he did so, he would be sacked . . .

Amazing WEDDING RING Racket

I AM a Bounty Man. Unless you live in a poor district you probably won't know what that means.

It is the name given to some thousands of us who, in the past few months, have been organised by financial syndicates to spread a new kind of economic and social evil among the most distressed sections of the community.

We are an unhappy legion. Most of us have been driven into this kind of work because it is the last resort of the man or woman of the "blackcoat" class, who cannot draw the dole, and who is facing starvation.

A Bounty Man sells checks to housewives—an adaptation of the credit-trading system which is sweeping the country and which cannot escape the notice of Parliament much longer.

The type of business which I am describing has no relationship to the normal payment-by-instalments system of buying. It was introduced and is being conducted legitimately and fairly by a number of most reputable firms. Danger lies in recent developments.

These are completely unaffected by the new Hire Purchase Act, and will not be stamped out or controlled until there is special legislation.

When I have given you a picture of check-trading in its graver aspects, the urgent need for such legislation should be obvious.

To say that I and the thousands of others like me "sell" checks may not give an altogether exact idea of our activities. Nor must our work be confused with that of agents who represent reputable credit traders.

Actually, we don't sell anything. We are really no more than moneylenders' touts, whose pay depends on how many people we can induce to accumulate debt.

Tempting Wives

Perhaps the anti-social implications of my job will be best realised by surveying it from the beginning.

To-day, so bad is the plight of idle "blackcoat" workers that the check-selling syndicates can obtain the services of thousands on ever-cheapening terms.

The job of the Bounty Man is to persuade housewives to borrow money at interest from his firm.

A loan to a client borrowing for the first time can be anything from 10s. to £10, and three conditions are attached to it.

(1) It cannot be granted in cash, but only in the form of coupons, called checks.

(2) Interest is payable at the rate of 1s. in the £, and capital and interest must be repaid by weekly instalments over a period of twenty weeks. But the full interest must be paid in the first week together with the first repayment of capital.

(3) The checks must be exchanged for goods at certain specified shops.

There can be no question that transactions like these are moneylending ones. But the syndicates who issue checks are not registered or licensed as moneylenders.

In any case, it is illegal even for a registered moneylender to canvass for clients from door to door.

So far, the authorities have not taken any action.

10s. for your £1

The Bounty Man is promised a weekly wage of 30s., plus commission. He finds that the wages arrangement lasts for only a few weeks and that, thereafter, he must depend on commission.

This is paid at the rate of 1s. 6d. for each check issued, and 1s. in the £ for each new client obtained.

Then the shopkeeper who accepts the check has to pay 3s. 4d. in the £ to the firm which issues it. Needless to say, the shopkeeper can only do so by increasing his retail prices.

From these facts it can be seen that the customer has at the outset to pay tribute of 5s. 10d. per £ to the Bounty Man and the shopkeeper.

Often, after reckoning interest on loan, overhead costs and bad debts—which are becoming immense—it is doubtful if housewives receive more than 10s. real value for each £1 they spend.

When the Bounty Man sets out to search for clients he soon realises that commission is most easily earned by two methods.

One, to find them in the poorer districts—the slummier the area, the better the business.

The other, to obtain the wife's signature to the contract and to avoid the husband if possible.

Fear the Law

It isn't long before the Bounty Man does meet the husbands. They wait for him in anger when he calls to collect the weekly instalments.

When challenged, he recites some legal jargon to the effect that, in whatever circumstances it was incurred by the wife, the debt is also the liability of the husband, if he has not taken steps to announce publicly that he will not be responsible for any credit given to his wife.

The Bounty Man also adds that, if any attempt is made to resist payment of the debt, civil proceedings will follow.

But many check-trading firms are chary of beginning any kind of legal proceedings against defaulters.

They don't even prosecute clients who obtain checks by fraud. Nor do they prosecute Bounty Men who fail to make a livelihood from the racket and are tempted to embezzle money.

They know very well that it would be the beginning of the end if judges and magistrates started to probe the nature of their business.

Of course, checks are not issued as soon as a client has been persuaded to accept them.

The Bounty Man is followed on his rounds by an investigator—usually a retired policeman or someone trained in private enquiry work—who, unknown to the housewife, calls on shopkeepers and neighbours, even questioning the milkman in the street, to find out her means and reputation.

Even beauty treatments are on the check trader's list . . .

Usually, our clients are people already loaded with debt to hire-purchase or genuine instalment-trading firms.

In exchange for the checks, the housewife can obtain at the stipulated shops practically every kind of clothing or household goods.

But the scheme goes much farther than that. For instance, she may have jewellery.

The facilities given to do so have led lately to an amazing development of the racket.

The firms lending the money to buy goods are not concerned with what is bought.

So it was soon realised by vast numbers of their clients that they could easily and quickly get ready money by buying gold with the checks.

They took their coupons to jewellers' shops on the "approved" lists of retailers and exchanged them for wedding-rings.

Of course, there is no need to pawn the rings. They can be taken to another shop and sold outright for their full gold value.

In three areas recently 2,800 wedding-rings were acquired and disposed of in this manner in just over a week.

I have found that in a few days in only a few streets in the East End of London 460 married women have bought and sold rings with only one firm's checks

Anyone obtaining goods on recognised hire-purchase or instalment terms is, of course, liable to prosecution for larceny if the goods are sold before being paid for.

That does not apply to the Bounty Man's trade. He doesn't sell goods—he only lends money with which to buy them.

They become the property of his client from the start, and she can do with them what she pleases, without fear of legal process for their recovery or of prosecution.

Deep in Debt

Beauty parlours are also on the Bounty Man's list of shops.

It is not unusual for a woman to obtain checks to the value of £5 and exchange them for a costly permanent wave, face lifting and massage, eyebrow plucking and so on.

She disregards the fact that, by the very nature of her borrowing and credit commitment, she has to pay far more for the beautifying process than she would do if paying cash.

She knows that she has twenty weeks in which to pay and that, when she has paid part, she can get fresh check credits to buy more wedding-rings or have another expensive course of beauty treatment.

In this way, thousands of women and their families, already on the poverty line, are becoming steeped in debt.

He Has Saved America . . .

—Will He Save the World?

Though the best-hated man in the U.S.A. he has made himse'f the voice of freedom

YOU would not believe it when you read his speeches and see his photograph in the papers, but President Roosevelt is the most-hated man in the United States.

While the masses adore him—"He is on the side of the poor people," they say—he is the victim of a ceaseless vendetta of abuse and calumny the like of which has never been endured by any of his predecessors.

Behind this are big bankers, millionaire manufacturers, many newspapers, the head of all the Trusts—yes, and thousands of small business men.

Resenting restrictions which impose on them shorter hours, higher wages and more taxation, they began by waging a whispering campaign, but now they have come right out in the open.

On this side of the Atlantic we regard Franklin Roosevelt as the greatest spokesman of Democracy on earth; a man who, more than any other statesman now in power, expresses the views and aspirations of the ordinary small citizen.

WE applaud the brave way in which he bore a long illness caused by infantile paralysis, and, by sheer force of will, won his way back to health.

We see in him, too, the man who saved his country when, after years of Republican government, in which Big Money was the real Boss, there was a great crash, in which the whole financial structure of the country fell to the ground.

Then, Roosevelt saved the bankers, who thanked him, almost on their knees. But now, while you and I, sitting by the fire over here, applaud his utterances whenever we hear them on the air, malicious tongues in his own country speak of him almost as saner people used to talk of Al Capone.

One advantage of our monarchical system is that it keeps the head of the State away from Party politics, makes the crowned head of the State somebody who, being detached, can be respected by all.

One great fault of the American system is that the President, being the man who formulates public policy, is in the middle of the Party fight.

SO there is Roosevelt, lied about and slandered. You would think him, not the greatest Liberal in the world, but a sort of Jack the Ripper.

He is not the only one. All his family suffer.

Mrs. Roosevelt, who lectures a lot and writes a daily gossip column, one in which she talks of her own life and her public contacts, is openly accused. Being the first President's wife who has ever insisted on having a personality of her own, she is the object of daily attack.

"What does she do with the money?" anti-Rooseveltians ask.

"It goes to charity," replies Mrs. Roosevelt.

"Let her produce the receipts!" they scream back.

Then young James Roosevelt, who has just gone into the film business, has apparently done so to escape from the accusations brought against him.

He became an insurance man and, before long, was getting the biggest business ever obtained by an insurance canvasser in the world.

"We gave it to him to obtain favours from Washington," people began to say.

Jimmy got in really wrong. Now he has got out, and is in a position where he can teach Sam Goldwyn to talk English.

Then, everything that Jim Farley does—and Jim Farley, the Postmaster-General, was for long closer to the President than anybody—has given Roosevelt's enemies chances of attacking. For Jim is "a politician."

They accuse him of selling special issues of stamps to swell the Party funds!

Now if you, with your somewhat innocent views about all these things, went to America, and used, at a party, the words, "Your great President," you might think that you had dropped a bomb in the middle of the table.

If your hosts, or any of your fellow-guests, were typical business people there would come first of all a great hush. Then they would all start attacking Roosevelt. They would spare him nothing.

They all forget that Roosevelt is still trying to rebuild things which collapsed in circumstances of tragedy before he came into office.

The people of Britain regard Abraham Lincoln almost as though he were a saint. Few of them remember that, in the hour in which he was murdered, the whole South spoke of him as though he were an arch-fiend.

Well now Roosevelt, in spite of what we think of him, in spite of the affection heaped on him by the common people, is hated by Big Business just as badly as Lincoln was hated by the South.

Hannen Swaffer's Who's Who

You who heard on the air his epochal denunciation of dictators do not understand how brave that speech was from the point of view of an American statesman.

In the United States the Germans are a powerful, industrious, sober and respected body of people. They are not the worst citizens. For many years they were among the best.

WHEN Hitler rose to power, Nazidom spread among the German-Americans, if only for the reason that they saw, at last, their own people at home self-respecting again.

Well, soon they were drilling Nazi armies on American soil dedicated to Democracy. In some places they actually used armouries for the purpose.

The Italians, too, turned Columbus Day into a boost for Mussolini. Now generally the Italians have voted for Roosevelt.

Roosevelt saw three great Fascist States—Germany, Italy and Japan—apparently prepared to defy the rest of the world after forming an anti-Communist pact; this although, in their own countries, no such thing as Communism exists, and although Communism threatened them nowhere.

For months the American people, clamorous and angry though they were, were without a voice.

Then they heard in Congress what history may decide was one of the most vital speeches ever made.

IT pledged the greatest democracy in the world to defend the free institutions of Mankind—freedom of speech and Press, man's right to worship God in his own way; yes, even the right for him to choose whom he will speak to in the street, without fear and without peril of the concentration camp.

Fortunately for us, our children and our children's children, Roosevelt has spoken out.

He has spoken to Congress the words which may decide the future of Mankind.

Already, the situation has eased. France and Britain are closer together. Italy's demands are weakening. Germany is more placatory.

For Roosevelt, in one brave hour of destiny, has made himself the Voice of Freedom.

"Greatest of These . . ."

FEW heroines of history have been more courageous than little Mrs. Graham, of Cheshire, who is striving to maintain herself, her husband, and child of nine on 15s. a week sick pay.

Her rent is 9s. 6d. a week.

The vicar of her parish, who has known her twenty years, says: "She is a respected parishioner. Her personal character is excellent, and any help that may be given to her will be gratefully accepted, I am sure."

Mrs. Graham's husband served fifteen years in the Army, and was a prisoner of war for four years.

He suffers from diabetes, a malignant disease which calls for special and expensive diet and continuous injections of insulin.

Life for Mrs. Graham is one long horror of anxiety and poverty.

We are confident that her case will impress readers, and that any help they can afford will be given ungrudgingly and used wisely.

Earmark your donation "Graham," and address it to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

We gratefully acknowledge 5s. H. S. (Chorley); "Royal" 5s.; "Two Sympathisers" 5s; "Donor to 'Last Coin'" 2s., and "Rothley" 10s.

All administration expenses of the Fund are borne by JOHN BULL.

We Beg To Repo

N°1. of a HARD-H

JOHN BU L

THIS IS OUR PLAN

JOHN BULL to-day begins a campaign against one of the worst features of Parliamentary Government—the scandal of the "Cobweb Commissions."

Whenever a Cabinet wishes to avoid making a decision on some national problem, the usual dodge is to appoint a Commission or Committee to explore and report. What happens after that is notorious. Months, even years, pass without action.

When a report is finally submitted—and often a time is chosen when public interest in the subject has been diverted—it it pigeon-holed and forgotten.

All that has happened, in fact, is that the Government has been able to give an impression of activity, without incurring any of the responsibility of making a definite move.

Well, JOHN BULL is tired of waiting for the Cobweb Commissions to break their silence; tired of seeing injustice and hardship continue for lack of reforms that are long overdue.

If the Cobweb Commissions won't report to the public, JOHN BULL will. And it won't take us months or years.

Six weeks ago we selected a list of some of the most pressing national problems now being sidetracked in committee rooms.

We put trained investigators to the task of sifting evidence, interviewing witnesses and preparing constructive recommendations.

In short, they were told to do all the work of the Commissions or Committees in question.

They have been through scores of documents, pored over columns of figures, seen and talked to authorities and members of the public.

Already their first reports are complete. They are summarised here to-day.

On these pages, we claim, is condensed all the work that really matters of two Committees which have been sitting for a total of six years enquiring into two grave national scandals.

The Committees are the Central Advisory Water Supply Committee, set up April, 1937, and the Inland Water Survey Committee, set up in 1935.

THE SCANDALS ARE . . .

IF a stranger took a bird's-eye view of Britain at this moment, he might imagine it to be a land dotted with inland seas and lakes.

He would see gorged rivers, very different from the placid streams he would expect in a country where Nature is usually so kindly, hurrying along to the sea and to waste—ten thousand million gallons of good drinking water every hour.

If he looked at the North he would notice hundreds of roads disappearing into those inland oceans. Whole streets peeping out of them. Hayricks and solitary farmsteads standing as islands amid tens of thousands of flooded acres. Football grounds with only their grandstands showing.

Here, he would probably decide, is a country that never knows a moment's worry over water shortage.

What a surprise he would get when you told him!

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What a mad country he would think us when he learned that down there, where Old Father Thames is struggling to carry just double his "natural standard flow," there has hardly been a year in living memory when some Commission, Committee or other such official body hasn't been racking its brains as to how we shall be supplied with water during the droughts that recur with dreadful monotony.

THAT DOWN THERE, NEAR THOSE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT WHOSE TERRACES ARE SOMETIMES SUBMERGED BY FLOODS, SIT TWO SEPARATE COMMITTEES WHICH HAVE BEEN WORRYING THEIR HEADS ABOUT DROUGHT ALL THROUGH THE RECENT MONTHS OF RAIN, SNOW, THAW AND ENSUING FLOOD.

"Drought?" that foreigner would ask, especially if he came from one of the arid Mediterranean countries. "There, in the muddy rivers that are swirling down to the sea, lies the solution of your drought problem."

Which is what all the legislators of the world have already found out except our own—despite all the expensive Commissions and Committees that sit to consider the subject.

★

What are the facts about our water supplies? They are not so complicated that they call for a lifetime of study on anybody's part.

The British Rainfall Association has worked out that, in a normal year, our water supply is nine inches more than the evaporation that takes place.

In other words, Nature's annual bounty to the forty million people of Great Britain consists of crystal-clear drinking water to a depth of nine inches over the hundred thousand square miles of territory they occupy—to do with what they may!

It is sufficient, properly used, allowing for all that must be carried down to the sea by our rivers, to give the people of this country such a supply that they needn't bother about making even the smallest water economy during the worst and longest drought.

It is a gift that three-quarters of the people of the world would envy. Yet what do we do with it?

To begin with, more than two thousand separate water undertakings are allowed to operate in this country; some big, some small; some efficient, some hopelessly incompetent.

In some cases neighbouring undertakings compete in getting water from a particular source and let other and better sources go untouched.

In many more cases there is an overlapping of supplies, resulting in such wasteful expenditure that the clashing interests concerned are always telling the Ministry of Health that they can't afford this or that development, regarded as essential to the proper conservation and distribution of supplies.

In so-called enlightened days, when the big banks of the country have been banded into five groups and the railway companies into four in the interests of the public, these two thousand-odd supply undertakings are permitted to do just what they like.

There is no insistence whatsoever on the maintenance of an efficient staff, plant or laboratories. No official check of any kind as to the quality or suitability of water supplied.

Not long ago the Ministry of Health was going round with handfuls of money grants.

It aimed at encouraging the authorities that wanted to give a more adequate supply, but lacked the money, to get on with the job.

But because the authorities themselves had to find some of the money necessary, only the more progressive among them could be tempted to do anything at all.

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One authority received £35,000 towards much-needed improvements. Some hundreds were granted sums varying from £4,000 to £14,000.

But the most inefficient undertakings of all, poor either because of their own incompetence or because of the cut-throat competition in which they were indulging—or perhaps merely begrudging the money!—turned to the Ministry and said: "We can't afford to do a thing!"

And the Government cannot insist, as the law stands at present, on an authority making proper provision for the citizens who pay for it.

Because of the indifference of such undertakings as these, there are people, in these rich and verdant isles which Nature treats so generously in the matter of water, who have to rely on supplies from stagnant wells or on water that has

FLOOD AND DROU

-HITTING

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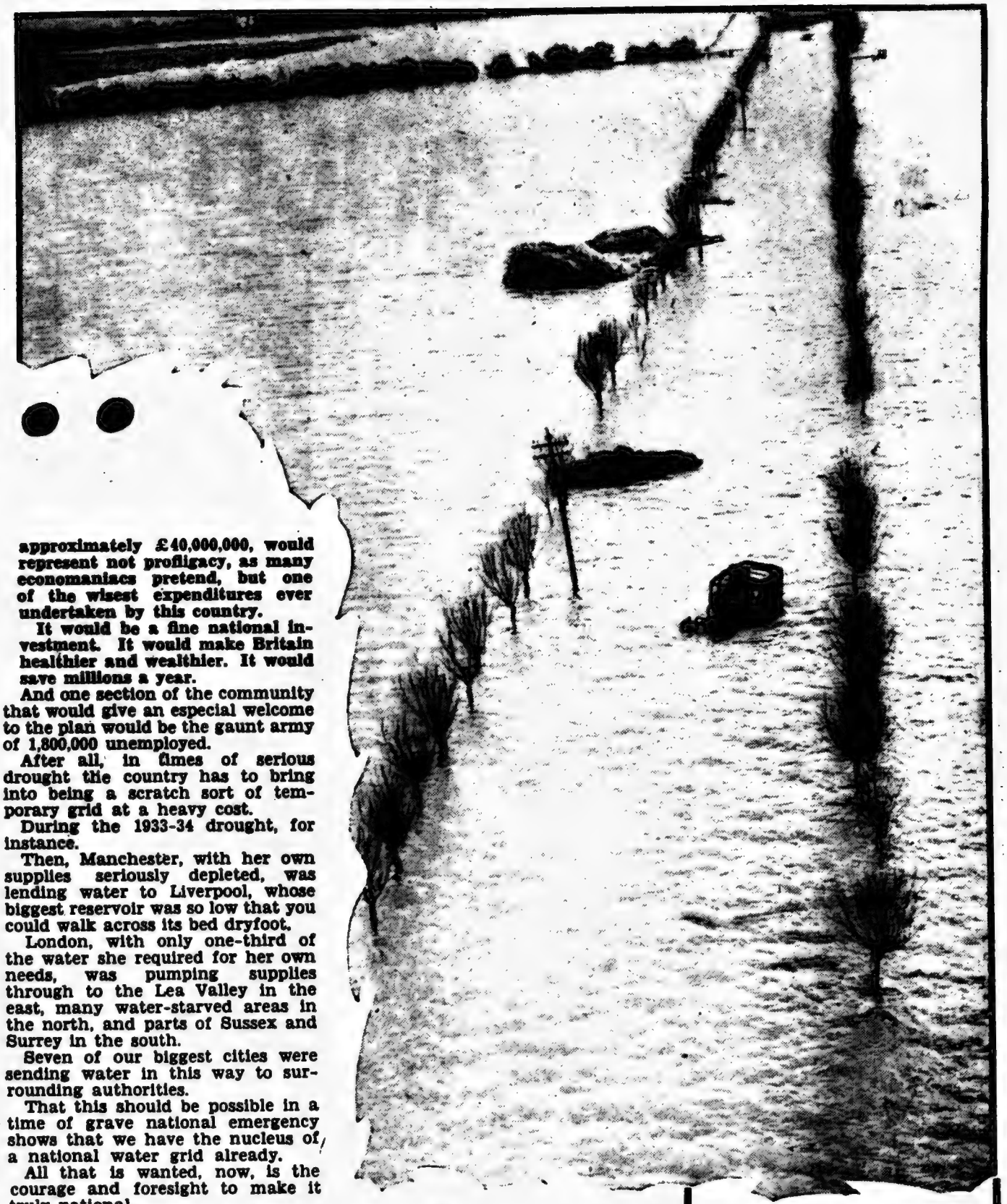

While floods sweep across thousands of acres destroying crops, ruining farmers, towns and villages throughout the country are crying for water . . .

percolated through old burial grounds!

There are people who sometimes stand in flooded kitchens to find that their taps are dry because of water shortage.

Our files are full of such cases. We have published some of them in detail at one time or another.

One related to a part of Worcestershire in which housewives were having their kitchen taps cut off every night because the reservoirs were low.

Yet, at the time, thousands of acres of crops round about were lying submerged and ruined beneath swirling floods.

How much happier in this respect the rain-starved southern countries which, getting rain all too rarely, know what to do with the water when it comes.

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Italy, for instance.

Italy could not support half its present population if it were not for its system of national control of the whole of the water services of the country.

Majorca and Madeira sustain populations three times as big as would be possible under the British system of letting each district look after itself.

Gibraltar is a barren rock. It is difficult to picture anything more aridly forbidding.

Its population is 21,000 to its two square miles of surface, as against a population density of 468 to the square mile in Great Britain.

Yet, because the water that tumbles on the shelving rock is properly conserved and then fairly distributed throughout the whole of the island, Gibraltar knows no problems of drought or flood.

What is the solution of our own problems in this respect?

Ultimately, a national water grid.

Governments have toyed with the idea on and off since it was first worked out away back in 1913.

In 1936, when the Ministry of Health was taking the grid idea very seriously, it allowed itself to be talked out of it by one of its precious Committees, which could say nothing worse against it than that it would interfere with the rights of certain landowners!

That grid, which would cost approximately £40,000,000, would represent not profligacy, as many economaniacs pretend, but one of the wisest expenditures ever undertaken by this country.

It would be a fine national investment. It would make Britain healthier and wealthier. It would save millions a year.

And one section of the community that would give an especial welcome to the plan would be the gaunt army of 1,800,000 unemployed.

After all, in times of serious drought the country has to bring into being a scratch sort of temporary grid at a heavy cost.

During the 1933-34 drought, for instance.

Then, Manchester, with her own supplies seriously depleted, was lending water to Liverpool, whose biggest reservoir was so low that you could walk across its bed dryfoot.

London, with only one-third of the water she required for her own needs, was pumping supplies through to the Lea Valley in the east, many water-starved areas in the north, and parts of Sussex and Surrey in the south.

Seven of our biggest cities were sending water in this way to surrounding authorities.

That this should be possible in a time of grave national emergency shows that we have the nucleus of a national water grid already.

All that is wanted, now, is the courage and foresight to make it truly national.

This grid, as we have said, should be the ultimate aim.

There is a lot we could do to pave the way for it.

One of the two committees we have mentioned—the Central Advisory Water Supply Committee, set up in April, 1937, to advise on the conservation and allocation of water resources—is going to report in the Spring.

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That committee should tell Parliament plainly that consolidation of those 2,000 and more separate water undertakings into a few big units is the obvious first step.

Then Parliament should act and not treat the recommendation as "just another Committee's report" and merely pop it in a pigeon-hole.

It should recognise that the difficulties in the way of conserving a maximum amount of the water that falls on these islands as rain are increasing every year.

Towns and even villages are spreading themselves over the face of the countryside. Tarred roads are being flung from one end or one side of the country to the other.

Meadows are becoming well-drained sports fields that feed the water they collect into the sewers and thence to waste.

At a time when we are reducing our water-collecting surfaces population is going up—and the individual demands for water are going up even more steeply.

It is intolerable that we should retain an out-of-date system of collecting, conserving and distributing water that is not only totally inadequate for our present-day needs, but is responsible for the recurring twin evils of drought and flood.

System is hardly the word perhaps.

As the law stands at present, private citizens and private companies — everybody except local authorities and statutory suppliers —can extract from underground sources all the water they like, even at the height of the worst of droughts.

They can sell it if they like. They can even open up supplies for which they have no possible use and pour it to waste.

Nobody can stop them.

Yet again, powers are necessary to stop people from large-scale disposal of waste matters that pollute these sources, which, after all, are the nation's own reserves against famine, and not the perquisites of private people or private companies.

The Ministry of Health has very little power in the matter. These multitudinous water supply companies have none at all.

Indeed, it is remarkable how disdainful we are of water in this country.

Look at our rivers pouring their billions of gallons to waste at the moment. Then think of the possibilities of drought in the summer months that are coming.

Then judge for yourself.

Two thousand water authorities are just one thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine too many!

What Britain needs is a national supply scheme as a first step to the one obvious solution—a national water grid.

GHT

Millions from MOOCHES*

Marsden Firth, whose confessions were published in "John Bull," was one of the most notorious of all sharepushers

Stanley Bishop

continues his fascinating series which takes the lid right off the underworld.

Crooks' Parade

IN my kind of job one hears many strange stories.

The other day I met an "old lag" who had just been set free after serving a five-year sentence in one of the biggest jails in the South of England.

He was very suspicious and secretive at first; then the realisation that once more he could talk to his fellow-men without fear of being spotted by a warder loosened his tongue.

He had a quaint pride in the prison where he had worked out his punishment—he looked upon it as other men might look upon a university or their old school.

You see, he is a very humble member of the underworld, and this particular prison is where most of the sharepushers—the aristocrats of crime—have been sent since the recent clean-up of the City of London.

Rubbing shoulders with the Big Fellows gave him the same kind of thrill as some suburban housewives would experience at taking tea with a duchess. Yes, criminals are snobs, too.

"Course, they're very exclusive," he told me in his hoarse, whispering voice.

"They've got a kind of club—they call it the 'Sharepushers' Circle'—and only the boys who have been in the big money game can belong to it.

"The screws (warders) know nothing about it, but then they don't know much about what goes on in jail—even although it's under their noses.

"There's more than one way of getting in touch with your pals."

Most of the sharepushers who form the "Circle" knew one another in the days when they were robbing the public.

Sometimes they were bitter rivals; sometimes they were allies in a new campaign.

Now they are mutual sympathisers. They condole with one another in the forbidden but constant conversations which take place between prisoners.

Each has his mind on the future, and all of them are making plans for the day when, their punishment over, they step out into the world again.

This is typical of the amazing resilience of these financial buccaneers.

They are like corks in water—they will bob up again, no matter how great the wave that sweeps over them.

Why, at the New Year, I received a greeting card from a sharepusher who is undergoing a three-year sentence.

The card—a rough drawing of a face behind bars—was, in some mysterious way, smuggled out of the jail and posted.

The message on it expressed good wishes for 1939, and added, "Looking forward to the future, from ——."

And the sender is a man whom I have called in print the worst blackguard of his kind.

Not so long ago sharepushers were taking more than £5,000,000 a year from the public. That is an estimate given in Parliament when the "Sharepushing Prevention Bill" was read for a second time.

Over a few years Scotland Yard and the City police received complaints against 177 firms who were carrying on dubious financial transactions and robbing clients. During the same period JOHN BULL collected information about no fewer than 214 firms who were also preying on the gullible.

Without any risk of contradiction, I can say that the dossiers of JOHN BULL'S Investigation Department form the most complete index of sharepushers in the world.

Police enquiries about suspects used to come to this office, not only from different Forces in Britain, but from the police of Holland, France, Switzerland, Germany and the United States.

I want to give public credit to my colleague, Mr. William Gage, Chief Investigator of this paper.

By his enquiries and articles he has done more to break sharepushing than anyone else—police officers not excepted. Evidence collected by him and presented to the Government Committee on Sharepushing played a great part in shaping the Bill now before Parliament.

Of the 177 alleged sharepushing firms known to the police, fewer than half a dozen are still operating.

They saw the red light in time and changed their ways.

Less than a year ago there was a luxurious little luncheon club in the City of London where the sharepushing fraternity used to gather.

Now the club has changed its character. The men who used to spend so freely and talk so loudly have vanished. They are either "inside" or hiding in some safe refuge overseas.

At that club the men who took millions from the public talked about their plans and whispered their secrets.

Sharepushers' slang for an investor who could always be tapped was "Mooch," which means a "mug" or a "sucker."

Canvassers who could put over a deal were known as good "Mooch men."

It was once stated in Parliament that the chief victims of sharepushers were in this order: (1) Clergymen, (2) doctors, (3) lawyers, and (4) spinsters and widows.

That is quite incorrect. The chief "Moochers" were—and always will be—business people who thought they knew too much to be caught. They were the birds who came back to the snare time and again.

Yes, a man who considered himself up to any trick was the "Moocher" for whom the sharepusher prayed.

He could be fed with supposed profits and led on and on until most of his money was gone. And then—because of his pride—he would never complain.

They called such a person a "Mooch manna."

Jacob Factor, Maurice Singer, Stanley Tanfield, Harry Geen, Arthur Klein, Thomas Sleigh Appleton, Stanley

(Continued on page 24)

★ **"Mooch"**

—sharepushers' slang for a mug investor. People most easily deceived are not clergymen and spinsters, but business men who think that they "are up to all the tricks"

WHAT DO YOU THINK MAKES ME FEEL SO YOUNG?

If *you* wish to keep young simply take a dose of Beechams Pills whenever you feel you need them. This should be your Golden Rule of Health. Beechams Pills are the purest, safest, most effective laxative the world has ever known—famous for over ninety years. Start a course to-day. You can get them everywhere.

My laxative is

Beechams Pills

for over 90 years the supreme remedy for CONSTIPATION, *Biliousness, Digestive Upsets and Poor Skin*

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SPENCER MATERNITY BELT

Maternity Bandeau

Thousands of women have maintained their health and strength during the critical maternity period by wearing a Spencer Maternity Belt individually designed for the wearer to relieve back strain, headache and nausea and to give complete comfort and support.

The Spencer Maternity Bandeau gives uplift and support and prevents sagging both before and after maternity.

Spencer supports are recommended by over 30,000 Doctors throughout the world.

Write Spencer Corsets Ltd., 44, Britannia Road, Banbury, Oxon, for Maternity Booklet, and for name of nearest local Corsetiere.

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LIVERPOOL: 79, Church St., 1. Royal 4221
BRISTOL: 44a, Queen's Rd., 8. Bristol 24201
EDINBURGH: 30a, George St., 2. Edinburgh 25493
MANCHESTER: 38a, King St., 2. Blackfriars 9875
LEEDS: 3, Bond St., 1. Leeds 26586

LONELY WIFE *even on* SATURDAY AFTERNOONS

You'll be home for lunch, won't you, Bob?
Oh, sorry, but I forgot to tell you I'm going out with some of the boys this afternoon
He's always out, Scottie. Even when he's home he hardly talks. I know I've been run-down and dull-looking, but I don't deserve to be treated like this!
MARY DECIDED TO TEACH BOB A LESSON —
Dear Bob, I know you don't want me any more, so I'm going home where I am wanted. See that Scottie gets his food all right. Mary
AT HER MOTHER'S HOME
You're a very foolish girl! You've let yourself get tired out and nervy. You look about fifty. How can you expect Bob to be interested. Now you go back home and see a doctor!
MARY GOT HOME BEFORE BOB AND BURNED THE NOTE, THEN SHE WENT TO SEE HER DOCTOR—
... and, Doctor, I even wake tired
From what you tell me, Mrs. Norton, your trouble is Night Starvation. You see, even at night you go on using up energy in heartbeats, breathing and other automatic actions. In your case, this has also led to an excess of acid waste products in the blood. All this causes you to wake tired, feel and look run-down and "nervy." Recent tests have proved that Horlicks is what people need for that....
SO — HORLICKS EVERY NIGHT AND ... A WONDERFUL CHANGE CAME OVER MARY —
SIX WEEKS LATER
Darling, I'm proud of you. You're so bright and gay, so full of life!
THINK: BOB LOVES ME AGAIN. THANK GOODNESS FOR HORLICKS

DOCTORS AND SCIENTISTS USE HORLICKS IN HOSPITAL TESTS

AN AMAZING series of tests has recently been made on men and women. Doctors wanted to find out why some people always wake tired, feel run-down, "nervy," not up to their jobs.

Groups of these people slept under test conditions and each night at regular intervals blood was taken from their arms. It was tested and found in most cases to contain an excess of acid waste products, such as carbon dioxide (CO_2). This excess acid waste was activating their brain and nerves, which means that though their bodies were sound asleep, their brain and nerves lay wide awake.

When the doctors gave these same people Horlicks last thing at night, it was found that the Horlicks not only replaced energy used up in heartbeats, breathing and other automatic actions, but it also brought about the removal of excess acid waste products. The result was that these people woke refreshed next morning. Taking Horlicks regularly at bedtime, they soon regained their full vitality.

Start taking Horlicks tonight. Prices from 2/-, at all chemists and grocers. Mixers 6d. and 1/-.

HORLICKS *GUARDS AGAINST* **NIGHT STARVATION**

DIPLOMA The ENGLISH Crustless CHEESE

£35 *for* LIMERICKS

A charming young lady named Jill
Developed a bit of a chill:
To the doctor she flew
Asking "What shall I do?

FIRST	£15
SECOND	£5
THIRD	£3
FOURTH	£2
TEN PRIZES each	£1

SOME RHYMES:

Bill, codicil, dill, distil, drill, fill, fulfil, frill, gill, grill, hill, ill, kill, mill, nil, pill, quadrille, quill, rill, shrill, skill, spill, still, swill, thrill, till, trill, twill, will.

CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £15 and other prizes, as stated, for what they consider the best last line to this Limerick. Write your last line on paper and attach the coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar, Cheshire or Dunlop). Send as many attempts as you like, which may all be on one sheet, but for each must be attached a label. The Lines will come before a competent staff of adjudicators. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to: *Competition* (Dept. 12), WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD., TROWBRIDGE, WILTS.

Closing Date: Entries must reach us not later than Friday, Jan. 27, 1939. A List of Winners will be sent to every competitor.

'DIPLOMA' Cheddar or Cheshire 6d. and 1/- per box. D.417a

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FOR ONLY 10/- DOWN
and 29 monthly payments of 10/-.

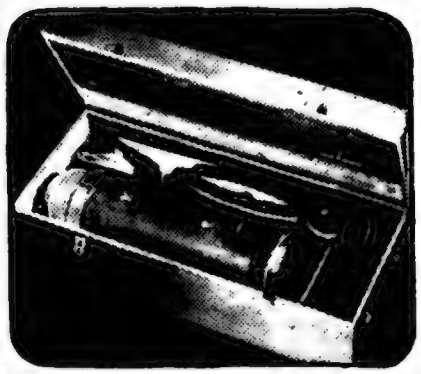
GET full particulars of the unique offer made by the Remington Typewriter Co., Ltd., on p. 28 by filling in and posting the Coupon NOW.

HEALTH in DANGER

Old-fashioned Methods of cleaning are a menace to health

THE broom, the brush, and the duster don't settle the dust question—they just disturb it; and with flying dust and dirt there's danger to health. The one hygienic way to do the cleaning is the "Dudley-Electric" way, because the "Dudley-Electric" Vac. puts the dust where you want it—*in the bag!* Prices from **4 gns.** to **14 gns.**

★ The "JUNIOR" MODEL with the senior performance. See it demonstrated at your Co-operative Society. Silent in operation. Complete with accessories in attractive wood case. **£6.19.6**

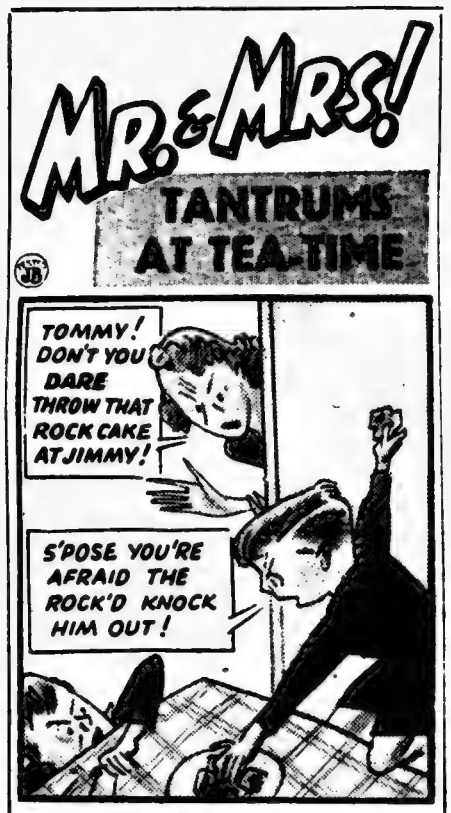


DUDLEY *Electric* VACUUM CLEANERS

The Co-operators'

BRITISH MADE BY THE C·W·S

CO-OPERATIVE PRESS AGENCY—7117



THE TWINS ARE OFF THEIR FOOD - THEIR TANTRUMS DRIVE ME OFF MY HEAD!
PERHAPS THEIR DIGESTION'S BAD - TRY GIVING THEM ROWNTREE'S COCOA

HOW ROWNTREE'S COCOA HELPS YOU TO DIGEST YOUR FOOD

WHEN you drink Rowntree's Cocoa with your meals it actually helps you to digest all your other food as well! How? Because it's made by a special "predigestive" process. Serve Rowntree's Cocoa at breakfast, supper or any other meal. You and your children will enjoy your food better and get more goodness out of it. What's more, Rowntree's Cocoa will enable you to eat heartily without that haunting fear of indigestion. * * *

FREE GIFTS! Hundreds of valuable free gifts are offered in exchange for Rowntree's Cocoa coupons. Free Gift Coupons in every tin. Send postcard (postage 1d.) to Dept. CE77, Rowntree & Co. Ltd., The Cocoa Works, York, for Free Gift Booklet, containing Free Voucher, value three coupons.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA *Aids digestion*

Not from the B.B.C.

Stars and Tripe

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
Oft I've wondered what you are,
But you hold no mystery
For students of astrology!

These all make it clear that you
Were suspended in the blue
Just to warn Maude Jinks of danger
Coming from a handsome stranger!

Just to caution Mrs. Dash
On Wednesday next to guard her cash;
To help the B.B.C. to dope
Joan Jorkins with a "horoscope"!

BROADCASTING HOUSE has in its time started many strange hares, but nothing queerer has emerged from the warren than the B.B.C. decision to enter the fortune-telling business.

Not only are talks on astrology to be broadcast, but stage and film folk whose birthdays fall in a particular month are being invited to the studio, where "a well-known astrologer" will tell the stars below what the stars above have in store for them.

So when the B.B.C.'s tame astrologer informs Miss Lulu Lovely that, having been born under Venus, she must refrain from buying a gold brick from a dark man on a wet Friday night, this valuable tip will serve all other listeners who have been and gone and got themselves born under Venus.

Small wonder that Dr. H. Spencer Jones, the Astronomer Royal, protests against this throwing of star-dust in the public ear.

Personally, having been born under Jupiter on a foggy morning in November, various things are not clear to me.

And one such is wherein the B.B.C., having taken money from listeners in the form of licence fees, will differ legally from a Marine Parade madam who functions with the aid of a crystal and an aspidistra?

But such details won't worry the radio boys. In fact, they may yet oblige with other forms of mediæval uplift, such as a few hints on how to identify a witch.

Or, even better, instead of merely telling Gertie Giggle that the stars are sending a dark stranger into her life, why not be practical and scientific by telling her how to win his love?

When the brindled cat doth mew
And the hedge-pig thrice doth whine,
Take a pot of Irish stew
Four times make the zodiac sign.
In the pot throw tongue of frog,
Eye of newt and hair of dog,
Larynx of a crooner add,
And some chestnuts, long gone bad,
Then consume the noisome brew
And your love will come to you!

Y. Z.

Next Week Stanley Bishop will tell you about "Crooks of All Kinds"

Continuing

Millions from MOOCHES!

Grove Spiro, John Marsden Firth, and a score more—those names pass across the pages of JOHN BULL, the paper which helped to bring about their downfall.

They were the leaders of their wretched profession. What an amazing collection of rogues!

Each had exceptional ability of a kind. They could all have made a great deal of money by honest endeavour, but, instead, they preferred to make it the easy way.

The trouble about every sharepusher, I think, is that his mind works too quickly.

It jumps ahead in its desire to acquire, and it jumps off the rails. It cannot accelerate gradually. The engine of ingenuity must always be racing.

MOST of the sharepushers I have met were, superficially, likeable men.

If you did not know they were crooks, you would be glad to take them to your home as amusing, interesting friends.

At least, that was the impression I had. Then, one day, the actress wife of a sharepusher rang me up and said:

"Would you like to know the real picture—what it is to be the wife of a sharepusher?"

Later she told me—and it was a dreadful story of gross, vicious extravagance one moment, and hard, callous cruelty the next.

Few sharepushers have any mental balance at all, even in the treatment of those who are dear to them.

Take it from me, that underneath their veneer of good comradeship and generosity they are all of the same essential pattern—crooked, active brains with neither heart nor decency.

Don't believe those stories of a sharepusher's good qualities. His kindliness is only a pose, a part of his racket—to be turned to advantage at some time or other.

A sharepusher would rob a blind kitten of its milk—and then boast of what he had done.

Before a recent prosecution JOHN BULL had evidence of the lengths to which sharepushers go in salting the ground for expected "Moochers."

The fake, valueless mining share transaction, was dead—through too many JOHN BULL warnings. The mushroom-growing swindle was also a wreck, and the only thing left for which investors would fall was a "commodity pool."

Cocoa grown in West Africa was the commodity selected by this particular sharepushing group as the money-drawing magnet.

"Well," said one of the principals at a conference of his colleagues, "to draw any money at this stage we have to make our offer look respectable and official."

And to give this impression all the literature sent to prospective clients bore a foreword:

"Written with appreciation of the work done by the ——," and then followed the name of a West African Missionary Society.

The author of the literature described himself as being a "Fellow of the Cocoa Planters' Association"—an entirely mythical organisation concocted by the sharepushers.

As a result of that circular £24,000 was obtained on a cocca shipping transaction which never existed.

DURING the past few years many of the notorious sharepushers, although masquerading under different names, found that the joint stock banks would not take accounts from them.

To get over this difficulty they established their own banks under high-sounding titles. They had no sort of real business whatever. They were simply used for the clearance of cheques from victims—cheques which otherwise could not have been cashed. Nearly every one of those dummy banks has now closed its doors.

A typical sharepushers' bank, which acted for only one client—the sharepusher—made a great pretence of carrying on business in providing finance for small traders.

Pamphlets were issued inviting both current and deposit accounts and also announced redeemable investment notes of £10 upwards, carrying interest at 5 per cent.

A foreword stated: "Each day dawning in our complex civilisation produces a new want which demands some new process or invention to fill it."

Very true! The new want was the need of the sharepushers to have a bank through which cheques could be rushed, and from which apparently genuine references could be given.

The whole bank, with its literature, accounts and investment bonds, was just a wicked sham.

ONE notorious rogue, now in prison, actually opened an office and a bank account in a provincial town in the name of a reputable firm of London solicitors.

Through that office he operated one of the most outrageous frauds on record.

Pretending to be an agent of the solicitors, he sent letters to shareholders in a famous manufacturing company which pays high annual dividends.

He offered them a block of shares in the company at a price considerably below the market value.

Because of the solicitors' name on the letter headings, no suspicions were aroused. Cheques flowed back by return of post. In two days £4,600 was received and cashed.

This open, bare-faced robbery was never traced to its perpetrator. But JOHN BULL knows who he is. We have his own boasting confession of the offence.

It is good to know that this rogue is safely out of the way for a long time.

Perhaps in the jail where he is serving his sentence he, too, has gathered a "Sharepushers' Circle" around him, and is making plans for the day when he comes out.

He will find things have changed a great deal.

By that time the Sharepushing Prevention Bill will be law, and the trickery by which he was able to plunder with impunity for so many years will be ended for ever.

when Gibbs came down in price!

There's no brilliance like the brilliance of clean, unscratched enamel—Gibbs-cleaned enamel! And, when you smile into your mirror you'll know that, behind your radiant smile, is breath as fresh and sweet as a sea breeze. For Gibbs healthful, fragrant, antiseptic foam kills germs, dislodges food particles, neutralises acids, tones the gums You could not have a better dentifrice if you were a millionaire—change to Gibbs, at its new price, today!

Your teeth are Ivory Castles—defend them with

Gibbs SOLID DENTIFRICE

Now reduced to 6d

U.K. only

D. & W. GIBBS, LTD., LONDON, E.1. GD1768

Q: "How do you manage to keep free from Influenza?"

ANGIERS is the answer

Prevention is better than cure. To resist and repel the ravaging effects of the Influenza germ, you cannot do better than take a course of 'Angiers.'

'Angiers' is a standard approved treatment for colds, coughs, bronchitis, and all catarrhal affections of the respiratory or digestive system.

'Angiers' is soothing and strengthening to throat, lungs, stomach and intestines, and it has a most invigorating tonic influence upon the general health. No other emulsion is so highly recommended by the Medical Profession. It promotes normal, healthy appetite, overcomes nervous depression, greatly increases vitality, and corrects bowel irregularities.

'Angiers' brand Emulsion is the most palatable of all emulsions and agrees perfectly with delicate, sensitive stomachs. It is equally useful for adults and children.

Of all Chemists 1/3, 3/- and 5/-

Send coupon for FREE SAMPLE

The Angier Chemical Co., Ltd. (Dept. J. 29), 86 Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.

Please send Trial Sample of Angiers brand Emulsion. I enclose 4d. in stamps to cover cost of postage.

Name .....

Address .....

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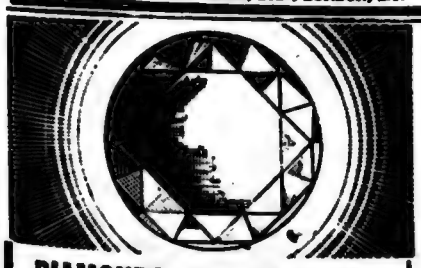


DIAMONDS from SUGAR!

Unbelievable — but true! Real diamonds can now be made from pure sugar carbon by a surprisingly simple process which is described in the January "Armchair Science." This issue also tells you in simple, everyday language about Noise that kills, a 600 m.p.h. "Tube" and a hundred other marvels of science. 100 pages, 37 articles and features, 65 diagrams and photographs. Get a copy to-day!

"ARMCHAIR SCIENCE"

On sale everywhere—6d.

CROSSWORD No. 139.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS.

ON page 36 is presented the 139th of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors.

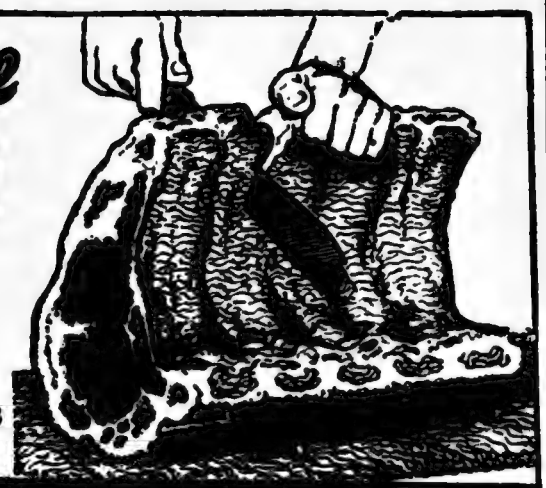
This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee, consisting of the following:—The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.; and Mr. Stephen Potter, Lecturer on English, London University.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry Form has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at those points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, February 9, 1939. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette," obtainable by enclosing with entry the Reservation Coupon on page 36. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided; but not more than one cash prize and one other prize will be allowed to one entrant in any one contest.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

You taste the good Beef



2½d. SQUARE MAKES 5 PLATES
1d. SQUARE 2 PLATES
Made in 15 minutes

Foster Clark's Soups

HUMANIST'S PAGE

Three Husbands —

1 *His wife blames him for his parents' sin*

2 *He spends what he likes while family live on 10s.*

3 *He has time for everyone and everything but his wife*

NOW here is a problem which is not quite so simple as it looks.

A widow had four or five children, the youngest boy being illegitimate.

He never suspected the truth until he was asked to contribute towards his father's funeral expenses.

By this time he was a married man. He writes:—

"Since the truth came out my wife has made things very unpleasant.

"If we have a difference of opinion on any matter, the first thing she flings at me is that I haven't a right to my name, and that the names on our marriage lines are false.

"What can I do about it, Humanist? I don't want to leave her as I love her too much.

"Yet I cannot stand these attacks over and over again, and for who knows how long.

"We were as happy as it is possible for a young couple to be before this happened. Now it looks as if our lives are going to be completely spoilt."

The first thing to be said is that the man has every right to the name he bears.

An illegitimate child takes his mother's name, and this is the same as that of his older brothers and sisters.

Nor is there anything seriously wrong with the marriage lines. The marriage is perfectly legal.

But how can any fair-minded person blame an illegitimate child for the circumstances of his birth?

He is in no way responsible. He is the innocent victim of adult conduct. This is so very obvious that everybody must see it at once.

Why, then, is the man's wife behaving in this unjust manner? She knows perfectly well that no discredit attaches to him.

What lies behind her attacks?

The truth is that when a wife attacks her husband she rarely gives him the real reason.

She may be secretly annoyed for half-a-dozen reasons, but she will "go for him" for something entirely different.

If he is less devoted than he used to be, for example, she may accuse him of being mean about money.

If he can prove that her accusation is false, she will not apologise because the real trouble still exists.

Men often write to say that they can't understand their wives. What they need is a little insight into feminine psychology.

A quiet talk is the best solution of matrimonial problems. Give the embittered wife a chance to "get it off her chest." Listen patiently to all her accusations.

After four or five unreasonable charges the real source of the trouble will begin to show itself.

Once that is recognised and remedied, the others will be quickly forgotten.

IT does not always follow that if a wife accuses her husband of being miserly she does not mean it. Here is a letter which came to me last week:

"I have three lovely children and a husband who has never earned less than £300 a year.

"Yet he thinks that after paying the rent, gas, and electric light, 10s. is quite sufficient to feed three people. (The other two are earning.)

"If I ask for more, he tells me that I am extravagant, and demands to know what I have done with the money.

"But he can have anything he likes, whenever he likes, and go to places without a thought of the expense. I can't do this because I never have a shilling to spare.

"He is continually telling me that I should not want to go out for pleasure. I have a good home and children and these should be enough! A woman's place, he says, is at home.

"I never have any pocket money, though he could well afford it, and I very rarely have any new clothes.

"It is not very encouraging to have a man come home and find fault.

"Perhaps you can tell us why we put up with it all?"

Why do women put up with men at all? Well, we often wonder ourselves.

I suppose they must like us, and even love us, in spite of our shortcomings. Perhaps they love us for what we are—our faults included.

But this question of money causes endless trouble, especially with the middle classes.

Wealthy men lavish money upon their wives. The working man often hands his pay over to his wife, keeping only his bare expenses for bus fares, cigarettes and an evening paper.

In the middle class homes, where it is a hard struggle to keep respectable on a small salary, husband and wife are apt to watch each other's spendings with suspicion.

MY own feeling is that the wife should receive money for household expenses, including the children's, *plus* a definite weekly allowance for her own personal use.

It is this last item (or the lack of it) which causes the arguments.

A man is inclined to make it as small as possible; the wife to make it as big as possible.

To avoid a weekly argument there should be a business arrangement between them.

A great many women hate having to ask for money for themselves. They feel it is humiliating as asking for charity.

So long as the amount remains uncertain there will be trouble. This can be avoided by making it fixed and regular.

Both parties must strictly adhere to the contract; otherwise it is as useless as a torn-up treaty.

NOW an extract from another letter:

"I have been married thirty years, but since the advent of my first child my husband has given me no companionship, taken little or no interest in the home, and bought nothing for it.

"He works only five days a week, has long holidays, yet he can never find time to take me anywhere, or do the many little things the average decent husband does.

"Occasionally he does extra work, but not a penny extra do I ever have.

"There is always time for football and the like, but in all these years I never remember him planning anything for any one but himself.

"Is a wife justified in seeking amusement for herself when her husband will give her none—provided, of course, that she does not neglect her duties?

"This is a question which is tormenting not only me but many other women."

Certainly a woman has a right to her fair share of amusements, and the majority of wives take it for granted.

In this case the wife is handicapped by lack of money for extras. She will have to drive a bargain with her husband.

JUDGING by the letter, the man is thoroughly selfish, but before he is condemned outright one ought to hear his side of the story.

There may be extenuating circumstances. He may have his secret grievance, too.

The man is the natural bread-winner. He earns the money to keep the home going.

But if he is fair-minded he will realise that this power of the purse should not be used to tyrannize his wife and children.

He is legally bound to pay for their material needs—food, clothes, and shelter—but he is also morally bound to give them a square deal, and this includes a few luxuries, a measure of freedom, and a chance for the pursuit of happiness.

If a man is having a bad time, the family must share it with the minimum of grumbling.

If he is doing well they should share in his prosperity.

By the mere fact of sharing, troubles can be lightened and pleasures increased.

"Humanist" invites you to seek his advice when you are worried or perplexed. Address your envelope to 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

Sonny's Cold is Gone Today

thanks to the 3-Minute Vick Massage

To break up a child's cold quickly — and *safely*—do this at bedtime: (1) rub Vick brand Vapour-Rub briskly on throat and chest; (2) rub it also on the back; (3) to lengthen and strengthen its double action, spread it thick on the chest and cover with flannel.

Avoids dangerous "dosing"

When you use Vick, there is nothing to swallow, nothing to harm a child's digestion as internal "dosing" so often does. Besides, Vick ends a cold quicker because it brings relief direct to the air-passages—where the cold is rooted. It acts direct through the skin like a poultice, and, at the same time, gives off healing vapours that are inhaled with every breath. Almost at once, the child's breathing is eased, his coughing relieved. He sleeps in comfort, and, by morning, the worst of his cold is over.

VICK VAPOUR RUB

£35 in Cash Prizes FREE

For best last line to Limerick on page 23.

Turn to this simple, amusing contest now—read the conditions carefully and send in your Entry at once! It may win you that first prize of £15!

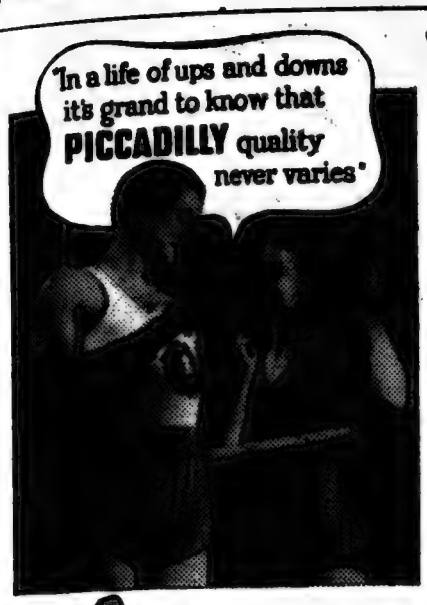
WHO WANTS TO LOOK YOUNG

Amazing Discovery ENDS WRINKLES

WOMEN OF 50 CAN LOOK 35

Make this TEST!

A new precious extract of skin cells—just like the vital elements in a healthy young girl's skin. Discovered by a famous Doctor at the University of Vienna. Obtained by him from carefully selected young animals. This extract, called 'Biocel', is now contained in Tokalon Rose Skinfood. Apply it every night. Every minute while you sleep your skin absorbs these vital elements. Every morning when you wake up your skin is clearer, fresher, smoother—YOUNGER. During the day use Crème Tokalon (White Colour non-greasy). By this simple treatment any woman can make herself look ten years younger. Have a marvellous skin and complexion of which any young girl would be proud. Successful results positively guaranteed with Tokalon Skinfoods or money refunded. By special arrangement any woman reader of this paper may obtain a de luxe Beauty Outfit containing the new Tokalon skinfood creams (rose for the evening, white for the day). It contains also a special box of Tokalon "Mousse of Cream" Powder and four samples of other shades. Send 1d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: Tokalon Ltd., (Dept. 4288), Chase Road, London, N.W.10.



"BRITAIN'S DEFENCES" Picture Cards in all packings

PJ225

10 for 4D 15 for 6D

MADE BY CARRERAS LTD.
130 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

PARTICULAR PEOPLE PREFER PICCADILLY

5/- with order BRINGS YOU THIS LUXURY

The Berkeley Superlax will be by your fireside—big and soft and cosy—to give you comfort and contentment. It suits everyone—tall or short—and is so designed that you can change to any position—upright, resting or lounging—without having to leave or adjust the chair.

You cannot find another Easy Chair at, *or near*, the price to equal the Berkeley Superlax in comfort, durability and beauty. We are able to offer this amazing value only because enormous output from the great Berkeley factories, constant improvements in our methods of production and direct selling to the public cut down expenses to a minimum.

See the models of Berkeley Upholstery and our wide range of Coverings before deciding upon your furnishing scheme. Send Coupon NOW!

SPECIFICATION: Best Birchwood Frame. Arms re-designed—rounded and thickly padded. New and "billowed" back, deeply sprung. Seat, rounded front and springs set deeper than before. Seat and arms ALL HAIR STUFFED. An attractive and exclusive range of durable Coverings. Back and Seat easily removable for cleaning. Strong concealed castors. The frame, hair padding, springs, etc., are all produced from the raw materials in our own factories, which is a positive guarantee of Comfort, Reliability and Value.

Fully Patented No. 414464. Regd. Design.

The Berkeley SUPERLAX

IN 8 QUALITY COVERINGS
CASH PRICE
68/6
or 72/-—6/- with order and balance 10/- monthly

2 chairs ordered at the same time reduces the monthly payments from 20/- to 15/-.

Our Guarantee: money back if not satisfied within seven days. FREE Delivery in England, Wales and Scotland.

Cash Price for complete 3-piece Suite £12 : 5 : 0 or £12 : 17 : 6
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★ 70-78, OLD KENT RD., LONDON, S.E.1.
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COUPON Please send Catalogue of all Models of Berkeley Upholstery, together with complete range of Coverings.

Name_____

Address_____

John Bull 21/1._____

WIFE'S NIGHT OUT
JIM... was enthusiastic
PEGGY... couldn't refuse
1
I'VE GOT TICKETS FOR MONDAY, DARLING. YOU'LL LOVE THE SHOW!
OF COURSE, DEAR.
THINKS: BUT I WON'T - I'LL BE TOO DEAD-BEAT AFTER DOING THE WASH
2
I CAN'T ASK JIM TO CHANGE THE TICKETS. BUT I'LL BE ABSOLUTELY WORN OUT AFTER RUBBING AND SCRUBBING CLOTHES ALL DAY...
BUT YOU DON'T HAVE TO RUB AND SCRUB NOWADAYS! I'LL SHOW YOU A WONDERFUL NEW WAY TO WASH ON MONDAY!
3 NEXT MONDAY
NOW, PEGGY, NO HARD RUBBING, REMEMBER! RINSO WILL GET EVERYTHING BRILLIANT WITH JUST 2 MINUTES' BOILING FOR WHITES, 12 MINUTES' SOAKING FOR COLOUREDS.
I JUST DON'T BELIEVE IT, EDITH!
4
WELL, DO THESE WHITES NEED RUBBING, PEGGY?
GRACIOUS, NO!.. THEY'RE SNOWY! AND THESE COLOUREDS ARE ABSOLUTELY BRILLIANT! RINSO'S MARVELLOUS! WHY, THE WHOLE WASH IS DONE, YET I DON'T FEEL A BIT TIRED. I'VE SAVED 30 MINUTES' FUEL, TOO!
5 AT THE THEATRE
YOU LOOK WONDERFUL TONIGHT, DARLING!.. THERE'S NOT A GIRL IN THE SHOW TO TOUCH YOU — WASHDAY OR NO WASHDAY!
THINKS: WELL, IT'S ALL THANKS TO RINSO!

WONDERFUL EASY NEW METHODS END WOMEN'S WASH-DAY DRUDGERY FOR EVER!

HERE'S how to do *your* wash, using the wonderful easy Rinso methods—the methods that have *transformed* washday for thousands of women.

Give whites the Rinso 2-minute boil. First damp any extra-dirty places, sprinkle on a little dry Rinso and smooth it in. Then pop the clothes into the copper in lukewarm Rinso suds, and bring them to the boil, as usual. Boil for just 2 minutes—and they'll be snowy! No hard rubbing's needed—and you'll save as much as 30 minutes' fuel on every copperload!

Give coloureds the Rinso 12-minute soak in a sink filled with hand-hot Rinso suds. That's all they need to be fresh and bright. Woollens and fine things are lovely after just a quick wash-through in *cool* Rinso suds.

For a really easy washday, and a brilliant clothesline, change now to the Rinso methods!

82727-003-05 R. S. Hudson Limited, London

The Man with STARING EYES

"Seems to me, Constable Stubbs," he snapped, "you'd be better employed attending to your work than idling in this sort of place"

EXCITEMENT was at fever heat in Lower Weeding because of "The Man with the Staring Eyes."

Loudest of all in voicing indignation and in abusing the authorities for allowing such things to be was Mr. Mark Pinch.

Since he was owner of the village store, with his fingers in every pie and in most people's pockets roundabout, he could say what he liked, considering himself a power in the place.

"I say it's on account of our top-heavy law that such a scandal should be!" he declaimed one evening over the counter of his store, while giving customers short weight in over-priced goods.

"We've got a new chief constable to the county, and him supposed to be a marvel at seeing law is kept.

"And what's happening? Here's Lower Weeding women so afeared of this prowling monster they'll not go out alone in case he pounces on them and snatches their money.

"New chief constable, eh! Lot of use he is!"

Everyone had to admit that "The Man with the Staring Eyes" was certainly cunning.

Despite a search of the district by Boy Scouts and the village choir, and the detective-stalkings of John Stubbs, youngish village constable, he had not been caught.

Descriptions of him by distraught and fleeing girls and older women were vague and differing.

All were agreed, however, on his shabby and trampish appearance, and his terrible, staring eyes. Hence the popular nickname by which rumour had spread his fame.

"New chief constables be of no use, save as dressed-up dolls!" Mr. Pinch scoffed, and venom crept into his thin voice as he added, "No more be such a dolt as that young Stubbs, swaggering about here like some gaby of a schoolboy, doing nought but look and act big.

"Not that he's likely to last long, let me tell you, seeing I've got busy putting a stopper to his gallivanting."

And since Mr. Pinch put a stopper to most things in Lower Weeding which were not to his liking, gaping customers fluttered out suitably impressed.

And so he was left with his harassed assistant, Miss Spike, on whose work he never put a stopper. Even to-night, with the store closed, he chased her off to an outlying farmhouse to deliver an order.

"Mr. Pinch, if you please, I daren't go," she pleaded. "Supposing I meet The Man with the Staring Eyes!"

"That will be one more nail in Constable Stubbs' coffin, and the last needed to finish him off!" was all the sympathy she received from Mr. Pinch.

Yes, Mr. Pinch hated Constable Stubbs, and when he walked over to the "Brackley Arms" for his evening pint and found the constable among the company there he seethed.

Naturally, the talk was of the mysterious marauder, and Constable Stubbs was speaking so lightheartedly that Mr. Pinch immediately intervened.

"It's no joking matter, let me tell you!" he snorted, as he bustled to the bar. "This fellow has got to be caught."

"Well, you won't recognise him by his staring eyes, Mr. Pinch," the constable dared to argue, all smiles.

"If it comes to that, anyone can make their eyes stare if they want to. Especially, Mr. Pinch, if there's some good-looking woman they're keen on—you, the same as any other!"

And Constable Stubbs winked deliberately at Widow Berry who had taken over the "Brackley Arms" on the death of a husband much older than herself.

The chuckles and titters greeting the constable's witticism were fuel to Mr. Pinch's fury.

Everyone knew that he had been pursuing the widow for months—and, so far, in vain.

"Seems to me, Constable Stubbs," he snapped, "you'd be better employed attending to your work than idling in this sort of place.

"Let me tell you, and all present, that I've felt it my duty to write complaining of you to the new chief constable."

"With respect, Mr. Pinch, why worry to write?" Stubbs retorted quietly. "The chief happens to be staying at Lord Brackley's place here, doing a bit of fishing.

"For my part, anyway, you are at liberty to tell him what you may think fit concerning me, and how I carry out my duties. That won't put any fear in me, I assure you."

This direct challenge, thrown out with such self-assurance, caused Mr. Pinch to turn purple. But before he could reply to it, the constable—passing a jocular remark in undertones to the widow—strode out of the bar.

"Of all the insolent puppies!" Mr. Pinch fumed, then drew the widow apart, so as to speak without being overheard.

"For your own good, Emily, I warn you against that young man.

"Do you want to lose your licence, allowing him to be in here when he's wearing his badge of duty?" he hinted slyly.

"Some right-minded and responsible citizen has only to lay such information before the next county sessions, and then where will you be?"

* * *

"Actually, Mr. Pinch, it was just on account of my licence the constable was here. He brought all the papers about the renewal.

"So, you see, nobody could take objection to his presence in the house, especially since he refused to have a drink, as anyone here now can prove."

"Maybe they could, Emily. . . ." Mr. Pinch felt the wind taken out of his sails for the moment, but he still saw a loophole to impose his sense of power.

"All the same," he went on, "I intend to rid Lower Weeding of that young Stubbs, and meanwhile I continue to hope, my dear, that you and I may come

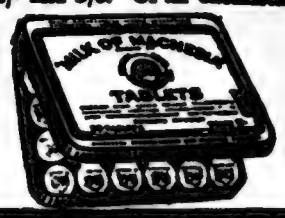
(Continued on page 38)

SHORT STORY by Leslie Beresford

Pain after Meals

Is your stomach still struggling with your last meal? You're gasping with wind and doubled up with indigestion. Why? Because your stomach is always too acid. It sours every mouthful. It turns meat into leather. You can stop these agonising attacks this very day by taking 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets. They relieve acidity at once. No matter what you eat, your stomach makes easy work of digesting it. No sour repeating, no heartburn, no flatulence, not a twinge of your old agony.

What about your next meal? Are you going to submit to torture when 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets will save you? Make that meal the test. Get a tin of the Tablets now and have them in readiness. You'll be thankful you tried them. Neat flat tins for the pocket, 6d. and 1/-. Also family sizes, 2/- and 3/6. Of all chemists.



MILK OF MAGNESIA BRAND TABLETS

NEW HANDY TIN 6D.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

TO STOP A COUGH

The misery, the embarrassment of a cough that won't stop! In a train, bus or cinema you feel a nuisance. Every cough leaves you worse than before. And a chronic cough, as you know, pulls you down horribly, may lead to Bronchitis or even more serious trouble. Don't go on suffering. Take a few drops of Congreve's Elixir, the 100 years old remedy, and stop the cough right away by getting at the *cause* of the cough. This soothing and healing Elixir stops throaty and bronchial irritation—restores the inflamed membranes to normal comfort. Congreve's Elixir is particularly suitable for children. Keep a bottle in your house ready for sudden emergencies. At all Chemists 1/3, 3/-, 5/- and (Family size) 12/-.

ONLY 10/- DOWN

REMINGTON NOISELESS PORTABLE

The world's most popular portable. The perfect writing machine—invaluable to business and professional men, teachers, students—and in every home. Has every essential feature of the big office typewriters—scaled down for portable convenience—standard 4-key back-board, back-spacer, etc. Weight only 11 lb., size only 12½ x 12 x 5 ins., complete with case. Easy to carry from room to room—convenient for travelling. Will last a lifetime. Only £9.9.0 Cash, or 10/- down and 20 monthly payments of 10/-. For full details send Coupon TO-DAY.

REMINGTON TYPEWRITER CO., LTD.
Please send me particulars.
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CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

It's the DAILY POLISH that keeps shoes so much *smarter*

In Black, White, Brown, Tonette, and Dark Tan Stain. Tins 2½d., 4½d. and 6d.

Chiswick Products Ltd., London, W.4. CB/MJ/3

THE RULES OF HEALTH *are few & simple*

Excuse me— Inner Cleanliness comes first!

Before anything else remember the first health rule — Andrews for Inner Cleanliness! It means a clean tongue, sweet breath, clear skin, and a good appetite. Everyone would be better for a tonic glass of Andrews regularly. It cleanses the mouth, settles the stomach, and overcomes acidity. As Andrews goes on its purifying way it stimulates the liver, and finally gives an easy, natural bowel clearance that leaves the whole system cleansed and invigorated. Andrews is the delicious inner-cleansing health drink that gradually and naturally corrects constipation. Buy a tin for yourself to-day. 4 ozs. 9d., 8 ozs. 1/4.

For Inner Cleanliness be regular with your

ANDREWS

THE IDEAL TONIC LAXATIVE

When days are cold try Andrews with the chill off

(44c)

A gentleman's tobacco, by Gad!

Artificial flavouring? Dammit, I'd horsewhip the fella who tried to make me smoke a tobacco polluted by that stuff. Knew a young fella once, came from a good family, too, who was cut in the mess at Poonah for offering some artificially flavoured stuff to the Colonel. Served him right, too—in my young days we knew better. Ought to have known that we smoke nothing but Four Square. Smoke it all day, and next morning your mouth is as clean as a whistle. Four Square—that's what I call tobacco. And if the country wasn't going to the dogs, they'd smoke it to a man!

FOUR SQUARE

VACUUM PACKED TOBACCOS—No Artificial Flavouring

Mixture (Green Squares).....10½d. oz.	Mixture—Original (Blue Squares).....1/2½d. oz.
Curlies (Purple Squares).....10½d. oz.	Mixture—Medium-Light (Blue Squares).....1/2½d. oz.
Cut Cake (Yellow Squares).....11d. oz.	Matured Virginia—Original (Red Squares).....1/3d. oz.
Ripe Brown (Brown Squares)..11d. oz.	Matured Virginia—Ready Rubbed (Red Squares) 1/3d. oz.

All blends are Medium Strength and are sold in tins only.

FOUR SQUARE VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

Standard Size:— ... 20 FOR 1/-. Large Size:— ... 20 FOR 1/2d.

Guaranteed to be made from 100% genuine Virginia Leaf.

GEORGE DOBIE & SON, LTD. (*Manufacturers of Quality Tobaccos since* 1809) PAISLEY, SCOTLAND

Small Size

FOR COLD COMFORT TAKE **NIPITS**

NIPITS, SPITES OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS VOICE, THROAT & CHEST PASTILLES

Accept this FREE OFFER

WOULD you like to try Angier's Brand Emulsion, the most invigorating tonic of its kind and a standard treatment for colds, coughs and catarrhal affections? A generous sample will be sent to all readers who fill in the Coupon on p. 25, or write, mentioning JOHN BULL, to The Angier Chemical Co., Ltd. (Dept. J29), 86, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1. Attach 4d. stamp for postage.

Painful PILES Banished by Zam-Buk

WHY should you suffer from the burning irritation, swelling and bleeding of piles (hæmorrhoids) when there's Zam-Buk? This world-famed herbal ointment has proved successful in thousands of cases, often when an operation seemed the only escape.

Zam-Buk brand ointment brings relief and is wonderfully soothing; it has a contractive influence on the dilated veins, checks the bleeding and causes the piles to gradually disappear.

Zam-Buk also exerts a valuable antiseptic influence, thus preventing septic conditions where membranes are broken or inflamed. Don't suffer from piles a day longer—get a 1/3 box of Zam-Buk and use it regularly.

Exact size of Suppository

SOLID ZAM-BUK

For Inward PILES

In addition to Zam-Buk ointment for external piles you can obtain Zam-Buk soluble Suppositories for inward use, 1/3 per box. Left in position at night they cure while you sleep.

REFUGEES who bring us LUCK!

By a "John Bull" Investigator

This young German, now farming in Britain, may be able to teach us, while others start new industries that help our unemployed

NINE months ago he was a Royalist refugee from Austria, broken, bewildered, desperate.

To-day the business he has founded occupies three floors of a building in the West End of London; and he is to open two more stores for the display of his goods—one in Amsterdam, and the other at the World's Fair in New York.

He employs thirty people; twenty-seven of whom are British. The remaining three are Austrian.

He owes his success to filling a definite need. He knows what will attract the Continental buyer, and because he has that knowledge, manufacturers in this country are clamouring for his services as an agent.

And he is only one of hundreds of refugees who are helping to enrich Britain's industry and commerce.

White Russians, Armenians, Italians and, lately, Germans, Jews, Austrians and Czechs have been seeking sanctuary here.

For a time we hear of their struggles, their difficulties, the misgivings which they arouse.

But, gradually, they slip out of the light of publicity, and find their place in our national life.

Their sphere, however, is limited. To-day no alien can be employed in this country if there is a British worker available to do the job.

So the refugee must either find some new sort of job or else invent one for himself. He must bring something new in skill or knowledge that was not here before.

Yet if you go to the Home Office, they will tell you that 11,000 refugees from Germany and Austria, three-quarters of them Jews, have provided jobs for 15,000 British workers in the past five years.

That does not give a full picture of the state of things. As the influx started only in 1933, the crafts and industries which these people have started are still in their infancy.

They have yet to expand and establish themselves, to make their presence felt in the world's export markets.

For instance, in the West Country there are twenty Czech craftsmen teaching about twice that number of British workers the intricacies of those delightful, gaily-painted wooden toys that come from Central Europe.

There is still a big demand for gaily painted, bearded peasants, sledges and toy animals from children all over the world.

But for political and economic reasons the supply from Germany, Bohemia and Hungary is being shut off

IN time, the British manager of the little factory hopes that we shall be able to start a new source of that supply in Britain. Then his little factory of sixty workers may be the nucleus for six thousand.

In North London, Austrian women are carrying on the tooled and decorated leatherwork with which Vienna used to supply the world.

They are not doing it alone. As they become better known, they employ more and more British workers.

Several new industries have been set on foot in the special areas, where German chemists and makers of optical glass, who came out of their country bringing their secrets with them, have been helped generously out of Lord Nuffield's fund.

PRINTING and binding of books, particularly illustrated books, and colour reproduction at a price so far possible only in Germany, is also being done in North London, where one of the most famous Viennese printing houses has set up shop.

In Nottingham there is a small boot and shoe factory which specialises in soft leather top boots, the type of "Russian boot" for which there was such a craze ten years ago.

These boots were really Russian in a sense, for though British labour made them, the idea was started by White Russian refugees.

The works have still got a Russian director, but the forty men employed are all British.

Russians also brought us the fur trade, of which London is now the centre. Directly and indirectly, work has been found for hundreds of British clerks and salesmen.

This development of our trade by refugees has been called revolutionary.

Actually, it is the logical outcome of our economic history, which all through the centuries has profited from the religious and political persecutions in Europe.

When the last wave of Anti-Semitism deluged Czarist Russia in 1903, the number of its refugees—there were no immigration restrictions in those days—so alarmed Englishmen that a Royal Commission was set up to enquire into alien immigration.

WHILE reporting that it had not been proved "that there is any serious displacement of skilled British labour," the Commissioners noted that these Jewish refugees were responsible "for the development of three main new industries: cabinet-making, tailoring and shoe-making."

In the middle of Queen Victoria's reign, the Italian patriot refugees also started a new industry in England—asphalt paving.

In fact, it would not be easy to discover any great national industry in Britain that does not owe something to the victims of persecution abroad.

The Flemings, flying from invasion five hundred years ago, introduced weaving and worsted manufacture. Our Lancashire cotton industry was begun by Protestant refugees from Ghent and Antwerp in the time of Queen Elizabeth.

Glass work and watchmaking started with refugee Germans from the Thirty Years' War. Dutch Protestants flying from the rule of Spain provided us with baize, linen-draping, weaving and engraving on steel and copper.

Within a single generation Britain had absorbed them all, but, by that time, they had planted the first Kent hopfields, shown us the way to brew beer and make felt hats, to tan leather and to weave silk, to plant gardens and to make salads.

BECAUSE Britain had been wise enough to receive the victims of every kind of persecution throughout the centuries she had, at the beginning of the manufacturing age, acquired such a reservoir of skill from all Europe that she completely outstripped all her competitors and remained, for nearly a hundred years, the workshop of the world.

The British workman to-day may be proud, and justly, of his skill, his craftsmanship and the quality of his work.

He does not appreciate, because he does not know, what streams of Flemish and Dutch and French Huguenot blood have flowed to make him the craftsman that he is.

In the same way, fifty years from now, the descendants of those White Russian, Czech, Austrian and Jewish refugees who are trickling into our country will probably be completely unaware of their origin.

Yet they, too, will be the benefactors of our tradition of tolerance and will, in time, help us to recapture our place as the world's workshop.

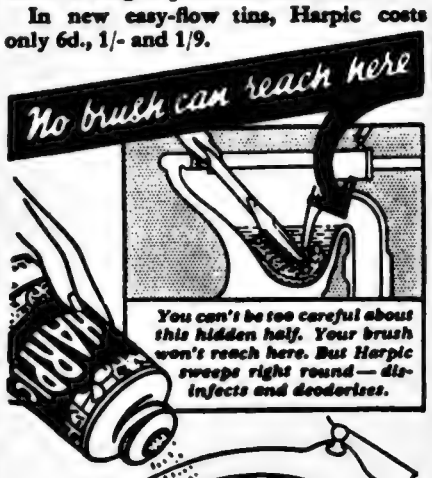
He's Cashed 100 Cheques from "John Bull"

Here you see Mr. T. M. MacEwan, 2, Deanwood Avenue, Glasgow, who secured a JOHN BULL Crossword Life Pension of £2 Weekly in February, 1937. Already his Saturday Pension cheques total 100 and they will continue for the rest of his life. Turn to the big Crossword Offer on page 36, and you may well win 20s. Weekly for Life and £300 in immediate cash!

ARE YOU CLEANING ONLY HALF YOUR LAVATORY?

HARPIC not only keeps the bowl spotlessly white. It sweeps right round that hidden bend in the pipe, cleans thoroughly where no brush can ever reach. It disinfects and deodorises at the same time. You just sprinkle Harpic, leave as long as possible, then flush.

In new easy-flow tins, Harpic costs only 6d., 1/- and 1/9.



You can't be too careful about this hidden half. Your brush won't reach here. But Harpic sweeps right round—disinfects and deodorises.

CLEANS · DISINFECTS · DEODORISES

HARPIC for the lavatory

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD., HULL AND LONDON

GUARD CHILD AGAINST 'FLU COLDS

Get your child's bowels acting regularly and colds will be rare. But beware of strong opening medicines which strain the tiny bowels and leave them worse bound than ever. For safety's sake give 'California Syrup of Figs.' It breaks up a cold quicker than anything else because it removes all the poisonous constipated waste in which cold germs multiply by millions.

How children love its delicious flavour! See their eyes sparkle when you bring out the bottle for their weekly dose. And see how free they keep from colds and coughs. Get a bottle of this ideal laxative from your chemist today. Be sure it is 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. 1/3 and 2/6 a bottle. The larger size is the cheaper in the long run.

IMPORTANT TO WOMEN—
'California Syrup of Figs' is also the ideal remedy for constipation in your own case, since it ensures complete bowel action without the risk of disturbing functional regularity, which often happens when strong laxatives are taken.

PILES!

Have you heard how splendid is the healing, soothing balm, Man Zan? A specially prepared, soothing, healing unguent for blind, bleeding, internal or external piles. Sold in clean-to-use, special applicator tubes, from all chemists. Price 3s. End the maddening pain and irritation of pile trouble for good with

Man Zan
Brand PILE REMEDY

To end Constipation—Take De Witt's Brand Little Laxative Pills. Price 1s.

LEG ULCERS AND SKIN DISEASES ENDED

Why do you suffer so long?

HUNDREDS of sufferers from Leg Troubles and Skin Diseases are being cured by the National Infirmary at Manchester. The Treatment is available to you. If you suffer from a Bad Leg or Skin Disease or if you have a Relative or Friend who suffers and needs help, the National Infirmary will send you full particulars of the Tremol System of Treatment.

GOOD NEWS FOR YOU

Do not lose heart even if you have suffered for years. Your trouble is not hopeless because ointments, tablets and plasters and other so-called remedies have failed, after years of trial, to end your suffering. These things fail because they are not suited to your needs.

It does not matter how long you have suffered, the National Infirmary Treatment cures in long-standing cases and in those of shorter duration. Every symptom and underlying cause of your leg trouble is treated to bring about a speedy cure. Long-standing troubles that have caused years of agony have been cured in a few weeks by the National Infirmary. Just as others have been cured, so can you. Don't despair even if you have suffered half a lifetime. Send in for full particulars of the Treatment at once. You can have them without any obligation.

POWERFUL BLOOD TREATMENT THAT CURES

Blood treatment specially prescribed and compounded for you by the National Infirmary, rapidly expels impurities, promotes good circulation, relieves congestion, kills inward pains and restores health to every diseased tissue. With this great vitalising power of the internal blood treatment, every nerve, every vein, every gland and every cell tissue gains new health and strength. Your leg is healed, your skin made well. Your general bodily health built up. You have new vigour, new health, more energy, and greater pleasure in life.

This Treatment specially prepared for you quickly clears ulcers, eczema, psoriasis, skin eruptions. Morbid matter and blood impurities come away. Re-infection of the blood, or poisoning of the tissues, is stopped. Healthy skin forms free from scale or scab, pain passes away, itchiness stops, smarting ceases and you get about in comfort all the time your trouble is being cured.

Here is the health opportunity you cannot afford to miss. These splendid cures are obtained daily by the National Infirmary Treatment. To have these grand health benefits you must, without delay, fill in your coupon for the free Medical Book and advice.

THE CAUSE OF ULCERS —AND THE CURE

Ulcers often start from a knock or a scratch. The hurt, instead of healing, becomes inflamed and painful. Pus forms which poisons skin and connective tissue, which quickly become unhealthy and break down. The wound gets bigger, more inflamed, and more painful. Often the pain is like a knife or hot needles in the leg. Sufferers do not know what is best to do, resting does not give any relief—sleep is impossible. Ordinary remedies are useless. Stock ointments are simply a waste of time and money. To cure these painful, inflamed traumatic ulcers, proper individual treatment is a necessity.

With varicose veins in the leg ulcers frequently break out without any injury at all. A small black speck appears on the skin. It is a small clot of unhealthy blood thrown out by the capillary veins. As the clot comes away, a hole, only the size of a pin-head, is left in the skin. It is not to be ignored as a trifling matter. If neglected that small wound will rapidly become the size of a two-shilling piece or even the size of the hand. These blood clots show unhealthy blood, weak veins, bad circulation, congested tissues, all of which prevent normal healing from taking place. One preparation cannot heal all these different disease conditions. Thorough Treatment to clear the blood, restore the veins, improve the circulation, and disperse the congestion is what you need. Write to the National Infirmary at once, and have the Book without delay.

DO YOU SUFFER FROM ECZEMA?

This is the most common disease of the skin. Any part may be affected and the trouble may arise in many ways. Blood impurities, Insect bites, Germ infection, Food poisoning, Over-heated blood, Long-standing Varicose Veins, Mental worry and shock are some of the causes of this distressing skin disease. Drugs—as with chemical workers, Starch—as with bakers, Soaps—as with laundry workers, Plants—as with gardeners, irritate sensitive skins and also set up an Eczema condition. At the onset the skin becomes red, inflamed, congested and terribly itchy. Fluid escapes through the pores, dries and forms scales which then again block up the pores. More fluid accumulates under dead scales, and there is more inflammation and more itchiness. If you suffer you feel you could "tear the skin to pieces" to get relief. But at what a terrible cost. You know you must not scratch, but to have the itchiness and irritation and leave it alone is more than you can bear. You can be rid of this distress. Your relief is here at hand. Send for full particulars of the National Infirmary's Treatment.

IF YOU SUFFER FROM PSORIASIS

Leg Psoriasis

you must attack the trouble at once. This stubborn disease quickly becomes rooted in the system. Large disfiguring patches of redness and scales break out and cause great distress. Those white thin scales on the red patches get thicker, encrusted and yellow. Soon the trouble is chronic and you may suffer for years.

A splendid treatment has been evolved for this distressing malady of Psoriasis. This Treatment is giving unbounded satisfaction to hundreds of present and former sufferers. The results are indeed, most gratifying. Many stubborn cases which have defied all efforts for years have yielded to Tremol Treatment, and a healthy skin has been obtained by the sufferer from its use.

This powerful treatment, especially prescribed for you, clears the scalp of unsightly scale and scurf and pimples; clears the skin of scale and redness. The Psoriasis spots and patches fade away and a new, clean, healthy skin is obtained. The treatment is easy to use and is applied in the privacy of your own home. Send for full particulars of this excellent treatment without delay.

VARICOSE VEINS AND PAINFUL LEGS

The dangers from Varicose Veins are Phlebitis, Varicose Ulcers, Thrombosis, Eczema, Rupture of the Vein Walls and Hæmorrhage.

Perhaps you have a constant heaviness and aching in your legs. Sometimes actual pain is experienced and the legs feel tired and uncomfortable. These symptoms show that your legs require thorough and proper treatment now. Your leg trouble arises from faulty blood circulation. Under Tremol Treatment the vein walls become toned up and strengthened, the blood circulation is improved, venous congestion passes away and such symptoms of varicosity as dull aching pain, tiredness, heaviness of the legs, varicose swelling are relieved and cured. *Get the free Illustrated Book now. Fill in the Coupon to-day, and send it to-day to the National Infirmary, Gt. Clowes Street, Manchester.* If you suffer you should have advice from the infirmary at once.

Fill in Coupon for Free Medical Book.

VALUABLE MEDICAL BOOK—FREE

This book has been written to help you. A free copy and full particulars of the Treatment will be sent to you by the National Infirmary.

FILL IN YOUR COUPON NOW.

In this valuable medical book, specially written by Experts, the causes of leg troubles and skin diseases are clearly explained in a plain, straightforward way. There are no confusing and hard-to-understand technical terms. You will learn why you have a bad leg and how skin diseases arise. The book is interesting and useful. It is written specially for those with leg troubles and skin complaints and contains valuable information and sound advice and help. It tells how to have the National Infirmary advice, how to obtain the National Infirmary Treatment, how the Treatment is applied, how it is carried out at home, and tells you how leg and skin troubles are cured. Remember, the book will cost you nothing.

THIS BOOK GIVES VITAL FACTS ON

- Blood and its circulation.
- How ulcers form.
- How ulcers heal.
- How to know a genuine cure.
- False Healing and True Healing.
- What to get for your leg.
- Effects of long standing.
- Why rest does not cure.
- How to kill pain.
- How to know when your leg is cured, etc., etc.

Do not fail to send for your copy to-day. Only a limited edition of the book is to be distributed free. The books are for sufferers only. If you suffer or if you know of others who suffer, a copy of the book will be sent to you. All you have to do is to fill in the coupon and post it to

The National Infirmary, Ward B.L., Gt. Clowes St., Broughton, MANCHESTER.

You will then receive the Book and all particulars of the Treatment by return of post.

Plate A.

Plate A.—Ulcer caused by a knock. Swelling occurs at the back of the leg leading to sluggish blood circulation and congestion. Ulcer is on the track of a large vein and there is great internal blood pressure. Treatment to relieve the blood pressure, promote good circulation and a healthy condition of the blood required. If you have the same leg trouble you too can be cured. Send for the book and learn how.

Plate B.—Varicose Veins, Eczema and Ulcer. Due to Weak Veins, Poor Blood and Congestion of Tissue. The dark patch shown on the plate is usually brown or purple in colour. Black spots appear on the skin. These are small clots of unhealthy blood thrown out from the capillary veins. The leg feels heavy and is easily tired. The blood does not circulate freely to the ulcer unless proper and thorough Treatment is applied. Under the National Infirmary Treatment hundreds of serious leg ulcers as shown have been soundly and permanently cured. You cannot afford to neglect your opportunity now. Write for the Book.

Plate B.

Leg troubles yield to the National Infirmary Treatment

FREE BOOK COUPON

THE NATIONAL INFIRMARY,

Ward B.L.,

Great Clowes Street, Broughton, MANCHESTER.

Please send your valuable medical book and full particulars of the Treatment free of charge.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

STATE COMPLAINT.....

National College of Health, Ltd.

Reader's Story

By Aileen McAuley,

5, Auburn Terrace, Londonderry

SILENT HOUSE

Roughly he shook me off, glaring, but never uttering a sound

THE night was black. Rain beat a furious tattoo on the windscreen of my car.

And I was still eight miles from the town where I was to meet my brother in the morning. I wished I had found a bed in the village twelve miles back.

It was 2 a.m. when I crawled into the town with my headlamps out of action, weary, and with an excruciating headache.

"Where is the nearest hotel?" I asked the sleepy garage man with whom I parked my car. He scratched his head doubtfully.

"You may get in at the Carlton," he said, pointing the direction, "but most of 'em are full up. I'll come along with you, miss."

I was so tired that I was only vaguely conscious of following him to a large building, of waiting until the door was opened after a long interval by a sleepy and suspicious night porter, and of tumbling into a hard bed in a small, rather shabby room.

Awaking next morning, I was disappointed to see by my wrist watch that it was only 8 a.m. I had hoped to sleep longer.

However, as I was now fully roused, the best thing was to dress.

I went to look for a bathroom and found one, but no hot water. It seemed a primitive sort of hotel, but so are many in Ireland.

Pulling up the blinds in my bedroom, it struck me as strange that the high, narrow window should be strongly barred, but I didn't waste time speculating about that.

Half an hour later I descended the stairs in search of breakfast-room, but there were only two rooms on the ground floor, both dusty and empty. More and more peculiar.

I went down a passage leading to the back of the hotel, and a large, heavy door attracted my attention.

But it was locked.

UNEASY now, and a little scared, I retraced my steps to the first floor, where there were four rooms including my own. The door of one was also locked, and from another came the sound of footsteps.

Was this place really a hotel or not? I decided to have a look at the place from the outside. I didn't learn much, for the building was exactly like all the other houses in the street, and bore no sign or name.

Returning, I mounted the stairs, determined to collect my possessions and leave. Two girls were descending. With a sigh of relief I stopped them.

"Could you direct me to the breakfast room, please?" I asked.

To my astonishment they stared at me and passed on without uttering a word. This was terrible. I began to wonder if I were dreaming.

I started to run up the stairs, and almost collided with a young man. I asked him the question I had asked the girls. But he stared just as they had done and walked on.

I had to bite my lips to stop screaming.

"I'm getting out of here as quick as I can," I determined, and as soon as I reached my room I began throwing things into my dressing-case.

MORE footsteps on the stairs, this time slow and measured, made me pause. I opened my door and looked out.

The sight was reassuring. An elderly, quiet-looking man, apparently engrossed in a newspaper, was coming down from the floor above.

I decided to speak to him. After all, it did seem cowardly to run away because of a few strange happenings.

So again I addressed my question, speaking loudly.

"Could you direct me to the dining-room, please?"

He proceeded towards me as though he had not heard me. He merely beamed a kindly smile, and attempted to pass me.

In desperation I shook his arm.

"Won't you answer my question, please?" I cried, my voice harsh with fear.

Roughly he shook me off, glaring and gesticulating, but never uttering a sound except a sort of gruff bark.

He passed on as I backed against the wall.

As he disappeared I sank down, sobbing, and fully convinced that I was either in a lunatic asylum—those barred windows—or that it was a ghost house.

After a while I pulled myself together and, grasping my dressing case, stumbled somehow to the hall door. It would not open!

All restraint left me. I hammered on the door, shrieking and crying. . . .

And then came a woman's voice from behind me, a human, gentle voice with a brogue.

"Sure, you are in trouble, my dear. . . . May I help you?"

RELIEF and gratitude nearly overcame me as I turned and saw a grey-haired little woman smiling at me. Her friendliness gave me new courage.

"I—I can't get out," I said lamely.

"It's that catch—it has slipped again," she murmured, putting her hand to a small catch which, in my overwrought state, I had overlooked.

The door opened at once. "But why were you so upset?"

"I thought—." I began, but hesitated. It seemed so utterly foolish to blurt out all my fears now: "I wanted to find the way to breakfast, and no one would tell me."

"Oh!" she said, and smiled. "Well, I am going to breakfast now, and perhaps you will accompany me."

"Yes, yes!" I cried, "thank you so much." She little knew that her opportune appearance had saved me from going stark, raving mad!

I followed her into the street and felt as if I were stepping into an unbelievably happy and sane world out of an underworld of darkness.

"You see," she explained, "this house is not the hotel proper. That is just round the corner. The Carlton people bought it as an annexe recently and send guests here when they are crowded out in race week."

She had led me into the crowded foyer of the Carlton Hotel, full of life and gaiety, and a few minutes later we were enjoying breakfast in the dining-room. My composure had returned.

Her explanation had solved the mystery except for one thing.

Why had the four people I had met on the stairs and asked a simple question refused to reply?

AS my new-found friend was looking round the room to catch the waiter's eye, I did the same.

In a corner of the big room at a long table were some dozen men and women breakfasting, and among them were the four who had behaved in so remarkable a manner.

The little woman's eyes followed my glance.

"Extraordinary!" I murmured.

"What is?"

"I met four of those people over there on the stairs and asked them the way to the dining-room. All of them brushed past me as though I didn't exist."

My friend laughed merrily.

"You didn't realise that they are deaf mutes?" she explained. "They are here this week for their Conference."

"Oh! Oh!" I gasped.

The waiter handed me a menu card. "Grape fruit or orange juice?" he inquired monotonously.

"Just tea—very strong tea!" I replied.

Send us your story of real-life adventure, not exceeding 1,200 words. £5 5s. is paid for each story published. A stamped addressed envelope should be sent with all contributions.

ZUBES ARE BEST for throat and chest says Dr Squills

and so say the eight other Zubes doctors:
ANISEED, HONEY, MENTHOL, HOREHOUND, BALSAM, LIQUORICE, COLTSFOOT, CAPSICUM.

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In flat, airtight tins 3D 6D or less, 2½d. an ounce.

STOP THAT COLD before it starts

At the first sign of an approaching cold—take YADIL. This internal antiseptic contains the essential oil of garlic and is taken like ordinary medicine. It will bring you quick relief from high temperatures and clear the blood stream of harmful germs. In multitudes of cases of Colds, Coughs and Lung complaints YADIL has been remarkably successful. You, too, will find it beneficial—take YADIL to-day.

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The ANTISEPTIC for INTERNAL use

LIQUID OR TABLETS

1/3 and larger from Chemists or direct from:—
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CHEST-WEAK PEOPLE IN PERIL!

Have YOU A COUGH?

All who are coughing are in peril! Especially so are those who know that they are "weak on the chest." Every Time You Cough, There is danger in every cough—danger to your lungs!

INSTANT RELIEF IMPERATIVE

You must stop that cough like lightning! You can do so by taking VENOS Lightning COUGH CURE! This famous old remedy stops coughing instantly, soothes away the soreness, frees the breathing passages, strengthens them to face the wintry weather, and arrests the development of dangerous germs. Get a bottle NOW!

Do You COUGH? Does Your CHEST WHEEZE? Have You BRONCHITIS or ASTHMA Is Your CHEST or THROAT Blocked With PHLEGM? Is Your THROAT SORE?

Take VENOS Lightning COUGH CURE Instantly!

VENOS LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

Sold Everywhere 11¼d, 1/3 & 3/- per bottle

"JOHN BULL'S" NEW YEAR GIFT TO YOU

YOUR FINAL OPPORTUNITY
NOW OR NEVER

If you have not yet applied for "John Bull's" Great New Year Gift Offer you must ACT NOW. All applications must be received by January 28th. A Gift Voucher worth 2/9 and a Gift Voucher worth 7/6—which will you choose?

A Typical Letter of Appreciation.

"I thank you very much for the 'John Bull' Pen Set to hand. It is of fine quality and a positive treasure one can feel proud of."

M. C., Manchester.

Safety clip and extra leads!
Handsome raised gold bands!
Exquisitely chased!
Large self-filling device!
ONE OR BOTH take your choice
Written 5 YEAR GUARANTEE WITH EACH SET
A large 14-carat solid gold nib!
Written 2 YEAR GUARANTEE WITH EACH SET
BRITISH MADE!

John Bull New Year Gift Voucher

VALUE 2/9

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/9 in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/6 Writing Set. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Valid until 28th January, 1939.

No. A 81570

A FREE 2/9 GIFT VOUCHER

The Gift Voucher above will be accepted as 2/9 cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 5/6 Writing Set. The raven-black Pen, handsomely chased, with its graceful streamline effect, delights the eye. It has the latest lever self-filling device. The 14-carat solid gold nib is tipped with iridium. The "Ever-pointed" Pencil, fitted with a propel-repel-expel movement, matches the Pen, and is complete with "Safety" pocket-clip and extra leads. The Presentation Case gives the finishing touch.

John Bull New Year Gift Voucher

VALUE 7/6

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 7/6 in part payment of the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set De Luxe. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Valid until 28th January, 1939.

No. B 81570

A FREE 7/6 GIFT VOUCHER

The Gift Voucher above will be accepted as 7/6 cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 12/6 Writing Set De Luxe. The Pen has three inlaid bands of 18-carat ROLLED GOLD; a large nib of 14-carat SOLID GOLD with a tip of costly iridium; the latest lever self-filling device and a "Safety" pocket-clip. The "Ever-pointed" Pencil has two inlaid bands of 18-carat ROLLED GOLD, foolproof propel-repel-expel movement, "Safety" pocket-clip, eraser and extra leads. The Pen and Pencil are exquisitely chased. The Presentation Case is beautifully coloured with a Pearl and Butterfly effect.

"John Bull's" New Year Gift Coupon

To "John Bull" Pen Dept., 134-135, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

(1) I enclose Gift Voucher value 2/9, which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/6 Writing Set. I enclose P.O. for 3/3 plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 3/- in all.

OR

(2) I enclose Gift Voucher value 7/6, which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set DE LUXE. I enclose P.O. for 8/- plus 1d. for postage and insurance, making 8/6 in all.

(1) Fine. Medium. Broad. Oblique.

Cross out grades of nib NOT required.

(2) Fine. Medium. Broad. Oblique.

If you desire BOTH SETS send the two Vouchers and a Postal Order for 3/- only.

NAME.....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS.....

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Write clearly in Block Letters.

J.B., 21/1/39.

Cross Cheque or Postal Order /& Co./ and make payable to "John Bull."

For the Blood, Veins, Arteries and Heart

Elasto
Tablets
ELASTO RESTORES THE NATURAL POWER OF HEALING TO THE BLOOD.
The NEW ERA TREATMENT CO. LTD
CECIL HOUSE, HOLBORN VIADUCT
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The Wonder Tablet

Take It!

—And Stop Limping

DON'T let Leg Troubles cripple you. Take Elasto, the Great New Biomedical Remedy *that cures through the blood*, and have done with enforced rest, worry, suffering and expense. Leg aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds (bad leg) become clean and healthy and quickly heal, inflammation and irritation are soothed, piles disappear, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical;* it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Everybody is Asking—What is Elasto?

This question is fully answered in an interesting Booklet, which explains in simple language this amazing new method of *curing through the blood.* Your copy is Free, together with a generous Free Sample, see coupon below. Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which *must* be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation *without which there can be no true healing!* The health of every organ and tissue of the body depends upon healthy cellular activity, and to ensure this, vigorously circulating, oxygen-rich blood is absolutely essential. NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

Read What Users of Elasto Say:

"*I have suffered years of agony with varicose veins and phlebitis, but thanks to Elasto, my leg is now completely cured.*"

"*Cured my rheumatism and neuritis.*"

"*My thrombosis has now gone and my legs are better, and there is less swelling.*"

"*Completely cured my varicose ulcers.*"

"*After being indoors for 18 months I can now walk quite well. My heart is stronger and all the pain has left my legs.*"

"*It is wonderful to be free from that terrible pain and to be able to walk upstairs without getting short of breath.*"

"*My piles are gone, my legs are better and I feel better in my general health.*"

"*Elasto has quite cured my eczema.*"

"*I had suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me.*"

"*As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever.*"

"*The stinging sensations I used to get in my left arm and leg (Arterio-Sclerosis) are quite gone, and my general health is much improved.*"

"*Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging.*"

"*Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me.*"

"*The swelling from ankles to thighs has entirely gone, and I can do a full day's work, keeping on my legs all day.*" *Etc.*

These extracts are taken from letters received from grateful people who KNOW, who have tested and proved for themselves the extraordinary health-restoring powers of ELASTO, the wonderful new Biomedical Remedy. We guarantee the authenticity of every extract quoted.

Here's Good News! You Can Test Elasto Free!

Simply fill in the Coupon below for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet, fully explaining Elasto, the new Biomedical Remedy. These, together with copies of testimonials, *showing what Elasto has done for others*, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it—AND SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT A WONDERFUL DIFFERENCE ELASTO MAKES! *This offer is too good to be missed.*

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COUPON FOR FREE TRIAL SAMPLE OF ELASTO ★

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Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet, fully explaining how Elasto, *The Great Blood Revitaliser*, cures through the blood. [J.B. No. 21139]

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Issued by The New Era Treatment Co., Ltd.

Elasto will save you pounds!

Pools Parliament

Pools fans, this is your page—say what you like, ask what you want to know about your winter hobby. If you have a problem to be solved or an opinion to express concerning football pools, write to "Poolex," Pools Parliament, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Facts about the GRADED GUIDE

"HAVING noted the consistently high average of correct results in your Graded Guide," writes F. S., of Liverpool, "I intend to base my pool entry on this in future, together with your forecasts in the *Sporting Life* Weekly Edition.

"Unfortunately, I have not kept any records of your Graded Guide, and I should like to know the percentages of homes, aways and draws on each line.

"I am sure, in my own mind, that many other readers would like these details as well."

As my regular readers will know, the make-up of the Graded Guide was altered some weeks ago.

Now, each match is numbered.

For the benefit of F. S. and others, however, here are the actual results for eight weeks up to the end of 1938—November 12 to December 31.

These are published so that those who are thinking of using the Guide as the basis of their forecasts can see for themselves what degree of accuracy to expect.

Matches 1 to 10.	Matches 11 to 20.
1 1 1 1 1 1 x x	2 x 1 2 1 2 2 2
2 x 1 1 1 1 1 1	2 1 1 1 1 1 x 2
1 1 1 1 x 1 * 1	1 x 1 x 1 2 1 1
1 1 1 1 1 2 2 1	1 1 1 2 2 1 2 1
x 1 x 1 x 2 x 2	x 2 1 x 2 1 x 2
1 x 1 1 1 1 1 1	2 1 1 1 1 2 1 1
1 2 1 x x 1 x x	1 1 1 2 1 1 * 1
1 2 1 1 1 x 1 1	1 1 1 2 1 x 2 x
1 2 x 2 1 1 * 1	1 x x 2 1 1 1 1
1 1 1 1 1 2 1 1	1 1 x 2 1 1 1 1

There have been 53 correct forecasts out of 78 in the first 10 matches each week, and 46 correct out of 79 in the second 10.

Taking the first 20 games together, these eight weeks have produced the following totals of home wins week by week:—

13, 11, 16, 11, 15, 12, 8, 13.

In the week that produced only 8 wins there were several postponed games, but ignoring that week the average has been 13 home wins out of 20 games.

What I regard as being more important is that the forecasts have been consistent.

I have not published details of the middle section of the Guide because here, as would be expected, the results are just the average mixture of 1's, x's and 2's.

But the last 10 matches on the Guide are important because they are the games in which the away team is definitely the stronger on form.

As we know, away form is not particularly reliable, but the results of these matches, nevertheless, do contain a high proportion of away winners.

The results of the last 10 matches on the Graded Guide for the same period as above have been:—

2 1 x 1 1 2 2 x
x 1 x 2 2 1 1 x
2 2 x 1 2 2 1 2
x 1 2 x 2 1 2 1
1 x 2 1 1 1 1 2
1 1 2 1 x 2 2 x
x 2 1 2 2 1 1 1
1 1 2 1 2 x 1 1
1 2 x x 2 1 x 1
x 2 2 1 1 2 x 2

In a total of 80 matches there have been 29 away wins (36 per cent.), 18 draws and 33 homes.

Compare these with the figures for the first 20 games and you will see that the Graded Guide really does separate the sheep from the goats.

Not Profitable

I should like to know your opinion of permuting all the London teams in the 3-draws pool every week. This season there have only been three weeks in which there have not been at least three draws from these teams.—P. S. B., Southend-on-Sea.

The system would not show a profit. When no London clubs are playing each other there would be eleven teams to permute each week, which would need 165 lines

Three or four draws is as much as you could hope for, and a losing week or two would more than swallow up any profits on winning weeks. A better plan would be to select four or five of the London teams and permute only these teams.

Private Pool

"My favourite pool will not be operating on Christmas Eve, but, as last year, I shall get a bit of fun out of the week-end—and perhaps some money, too. I shall rope in three or four friends at 1s. a time and between us we'll run a miniature penny pool (twelve forecasts each) on the twelve most difficult matches—winner takes all."—A. M., Manor Park.

Good idea—it means that you will keep an eye on the Christmas results, which should help with subsequent forecasts. Try including the family as well, but don't be surprised if Sonny walks off with the dividend.

Calculation Corner

In response to many enquiries, the following table is given, showing the number of lines required to cover all the possible groups of four matches chosen from five to twelve matches:

No. of matches.	No. of lines.	No. of matches.	No. of lines.
5	5	9	126
6	15	10	210
7	35	11	330
8	70	12	495

For further information about the pools, study the special penny entries designed by "Poolex" which appear in the "Sporting Life Weekly" every Saturday. These tables are planned to help small investors, and form one of many useful features included in the "Weekly's" comprehensive pools service.

Graded Guide and Pools Chart

by Poolex (copyright)

BELOW are the games to be played on Saturday, January 21.

Likely home winners on form are at the top of the list, next come the more evenly matched teams, and at the end are likely away winners.

As an additional guide, column A shows whether the home team (1) or the away team (2) has the advantage on recent form. Column B gives the next-best forecast as an alternative, whilst column C gives a warning asterisk (*) where results in past years suggest form may be upset.

In pools where a choice is given, avoid games marked *; cover fully, if possible (1—x—2), in pools where each match has to be forecast.

January 21, 1939.	A	B	C
1 Birmingham v. Chelmsford	1	x	
2 Blackburn v. Chesterfield or Southend	1	x	
3 Falkirk v. Brechin	1	2	
4 Liverpool v. Stockport	1	x	
5 East Fife v. Montrose	1	2	
6 Wolves v. Leicester	1	x	
7 New Brighton v. Oldham	1	2	*
8 Bury v. Tranmere	1	x	
9 Queen of South v. Arbroath	1	2	
10 Rotherham v. Gateshead	1	x	
11 Everton v. Doncaster	1	x	
12 Chelsea v. Fulham	1	x	
13 Halifax v. York	1	2	
14 Ipswich v. Northampton	1	2	
15 Notts C. v. Walsall	1	x	
16 Bournemouth v. Q.P.R.	1	2	*
17 Clapton O. v. Aldershot	1	x	*
18 Hull v. Lincoln	1	x	
19 Sheffield U. v. Manchester C.	1	2	
20 Rochdale v. Wrexham	1	2	
21 Dunfermline v. Morton	1	x	
22 Manchester U. v. Stoke	1	x	
23 St. Mirren v. Stirling	1	2	
24 West Ham v. Tottenham	1	x	
25 Luton v. Plymouth	1	2	
26 Swindon v. Crystal P.	1	x	
27 Dundee U. v. Stenhousemuir	1	2	
28 Leeds v. Huddersfield or Notts F.	1	x	
29 Aberdeen v. Albion R.	1	2	
30 Sheffield W. v. Chester	1	x	
31 Forfar v. Hibernian	1	2	
32 Bristol R. v. Exeter	2	x	*
33 Port Vale v. Watford	2	1	
34 Portsmouth v. W.B.A.	2	x	
35 Barrow v. Barnsley	2	x	
36 Middlesbrough or Bolton v. Sunderland	2	1	
37 Torquay v. Bristol C.	2	1	*
38 Crewe v. Carlisle	2	x	
39 Preston N.E. v. Aston V.	2	1	
40 Dundee v. St. Bernards	2	1	
41 Alloa v. Ayr	2	x	
42 Cowdenbeath v. Partick	2	x	
43 Millwall v. Grimsby	2	1	
44 Cardiff v. Newcastle	2	x	
45 Clyde v. St. Johnstone	2	1	
46 Raith R. v. Rangers	2	x	
47 Leith A. v. Airdrieonians	2	1	

Race with "Silver Ring"

Best at Aintree

THE fact that a couple of six-year-olds from France, named Littry and Verbena, have been nominated for the Grand National has quite perturbed a few of the rabid "Protectionists" among the racing fraternity. They seem to have visions of our friends from across the Channel following up their Autumn Double successes by lifting the chief of our Spring events.

I don't think they need worry. The victory of the American-bred Battleship last March notwithstanding, we can fairly pride ourselves that we are (with Ireland's help) really supreme in the breeding, training, and riding of steeple-chasers.

I haven't seen either of the two young French horses nominated for the coming "National," but I've seen scores and scores of 'chasers from the Continent, and only one was any good at Aintree.

That was Lutteur III., who won the National as a five-year-old in 1909, ridden by that great horseman, George Parfrement.

In the main, French 'chasers are "weeds" compared with our best-class Liverpool performers. Many of them have quality, but they lack substance.

They are all that is required for skipping over the trivial obstacles that pass for fences on most Continental courses, but you want real power, and particularly behind the saddle, when it comes to crossing 30 of the Aintree jumps.

No, it isn't the invaders from France that need be feared in the National. Those from Ireland are a different proposition, and I'm by no means sure that we shall find one in the home stables capable of beating Royal Danieli and Workman.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

The Code covers racing from Thursday, January 19, to Wednesday, January 25.

K X U Z R 98 96 G E D V B N H J T
S O Y 97 L W P 94 M P Q C I 93 95 A

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: BXYQMLA would read COUVERT. Where a double letter occurs in a name the figure 2 is substituted: MP94M93NR2 would read EDGEHILL.

In wet damp weather your throat is especially susceptible to infection. Protect it with these luscious blackcurrant flavoured pastilles.

Allenburys
GLYCERINE & BLACKCURRANT
PASTILLES
FROM ALL CHEMISTS 8d. & 1/3

A Full-size Easy Chair
that adjusts itself! For 10/- monthly.
Don't overlook the Berkeley Chair offer on page 27. The Superlax Model illustrated can be obtained for only 5/- with order!
Send for Free Catalogue.
Fill in the Coupon on page 27 for free illustrated Catalogue of all Berkeley Upholstery together with complete range of patterns, coverings, etc.

A 20-YEAR VICTIM OF INDIGESTION
Now perfectly well!
That's not an uncommon experience. Thousands of people have suffered from digestive disorders for 20 years or more and then obtained complete relief through Mother Seigels Brand Digestive Syrup. There's nothing drastic about Mother Seigels, but relief is felt from the very first dose. Slowly but surely, the digestive organs are toned up—given new life. Food is digested more easily, and even hearty meals don't cause pain. With the digestion right, your nerves will be steadier, you'll sleep better, and feel better. All this thanks to Mother Nature, who provides the medicinal roots, herbs and barks from which Mother Seigels Brand Digestive Syrup is made. Try it. 1/3 and 3/- at chemists everywhere. It will do you a world of good.

Rev. . . . M.A. (OXON)
Finds Germoloids Invaluable for
PILES
Dear Sirs, Why on earth don't you advertise GERMOLOIDS more? By pure accident I saw a box in a shop which I had never entered before, and I have found them invaluable—far superior to any other prescription for Haemorrhoids. Make them as well known as Germolene . . . Yours, Rev. . . . M.A. (Oxon)
Founded upon the wonderful healing principle of the World Famous Germolene Brand Ointment, specially adapted to the internal treatment and relief of PILES, GERMOLOIDS are freeing thousands from this painful and distressing affliction. GERMOLOIDS not only relieve pain, but end smarting and itching, reduce swelling; heal, strengthen and protect. Get GERMOLOIDS to-day and GET RELIEF TO-NIGHT!
Germoloids
From Chemists, 1/3 per box of 12

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MORE MONEY. Sell Tablecloths, Towels, Silk Stockings, Overalls, Men's Socks, Ties, etc. A 1,000 Bargains. Oldest, Largest. Cheapest & Best Wholesale firm. Write now for Catalogue & Guide.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

CROCKERY. 120 assid articles 10/-. 48 cups. Cat. & Guide Free.—Bridge St. Pottery, 9, Burslem.

HOSIERY Underwear, Overalls, Haberdashery, Manchester, etc. Everything for the Retailer. Trade's lowest prices. Small quantities supplied. Send for Catlgs.—Archer's, Castle Gate, Nott'm.

SMALL Traders, apply for free 160-page catlg of up-to-the-minute lines.—L. Frankenberg, Ltd., 37, Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY FOR CREDIT Traders, Shopkeepers and Beginners. Send for free illus. Catalogues of Household, Fashion and Fancy Goods.—Dept. J.B., THE HOUNDSDITCH WAREHOUSE CO., Ltd., Houndsditch, E.C.3.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

AGENTS WANTED in EVERY TOWN for "DOX" Self-Polishing Cloths. Write, DOX, 8, Rockley Road, LONDON, W.14.

CASH and Free Gifts for all! Soccer King offers you the best of all money-making plans. A real winner for wide-awake agents. So easy. So simple. P.c. brings details from Soccer King, Dept J.B., Stadium Works, Wembley, Middx.

A MONEY-MAKING spare-time hobby. Unfailing way of earning £2-£5 per week in leisure hours. Beginners welcomed. No experience or capital needed. Everything supplied free.—Write (mentioning *John Bull*) for details to Worldwide Wholesale Warehouses, Charles Street, Manchester 1.

EMPLOYMENT.

ROYAL AIR FORCE

There are now many vacancies for men to enlist as

AIRCRAFTHANDS.

with excellent prospects of being selected later for training in a trade such as Flight Mechanic, Wireless Operator, Electrician, etc.

Apply for free booklet, "A Life for Men," to R.A.F. Recruiting Depot, Victory House, Kingsway, W.C.2, or to any R.A.F. Recruiting Depot or Post Office.

G.P.O. Engineering Dept. (no experience required). Commencing £3 13s. per week. Age 18-23. Excellent prospects. Free details of Entrance Exam. from B.I.E.T. (Dept. 337), 17-19, Stratford Place, LONDON, W.1.

CUSTOMS AND EXCISE.—Attractive careers offered to keen young men aged 19-21. Commencing pay, £3 8s. The Entrance Exam. is not difficult.—For full details apply to B.T.I. (Dept. 301), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

SCHOOL ATTENDANCE OFFICERS. Excellent pay and prospects with pension. No exp. reqd. For FREE details of vacancies and preparation therefor apply, Chambers's College (Dept. 319), 235, High Holborn, W.C.1.

POLICE RECRUITS HANDBOOK for 1939 (FREE). Contains information on Pay, Prospects and new Entrance Department for all Forces.—Prospective recruits (aged 19-23) should apply for free copy to B.T.I. (Dept. 303), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

DRAUGHTSMEN. — Numerous vacancies available in Electrical, Mechanical, Aeronautical and other branches of Engineering, Building, G.P.O., etc., for men age 17-40. Exp. unnecessary if willing to learn. Details of openings, salaries, prospects, etc., FREE from N.I.E. (Dept. 342), Staple Inn Buildings, W.C.1.

A GREAT Guide to Careers—FREE. The School's 180-p. Guide explains how you can qualify for a highly-paid administrative position in Commerce, Industry, Accountancy, Secretaryship and the Public Services.—Write to-day—THE SCHOOL OF ACCOUNTANCY, 569, Bush House, London, W.C.2.

CUSTOMS AND EXCISE OFFICERS.—Start £3 8s. weekly, rising to £675 p.a., with pension. Fine outdoor occupation. No experience required. Details of openings for young men under 21 from C.C. (Dept. 59), 235, High Holborn, W.C.1.

CIVIL SERVICE VACANCIES. The new Edition of Civil Service Handbook is now ready for public distribution. Those desiring details of openings, age limits, pay, entrance exams. for all branches of the service (either sex—aged 15 upwards) are advised to apply for this Free Handbook immediately to B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 356, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

POST OFFICE VACANCIES — Both sexes—aged 15 to 22—no experience.—For full particulars of posts available throughout the country, salaries, etc., apply, B.T.I. (Dept. 331), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1

SALES VACANCIES.—Every year 4,000 new men are required. You can qualify by interesting home study to receive introductions to SALARIED POSITIONS.—Send to-day for Free Book, "Salesmanship," to Dept. 12A, WALLACE ATTWOOD COLLEGE, Victoria House, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

PRINTING.—Billheads from 2/6 1,000; other lines cheap. Samples free with leaflet, "Business Helps."—Crateway Press, 9, Buxted, Sussex.

PRINTING. Mags., Catlgs., Folders, Circs., Billheads, Memos, Dup. Books, Posters, Handbills. Reliable Printers. Est. 1906. MEAD, Sandy, Beds.

WATCH, CLOCK, AND JEWELLERY RETAILERS SHOULD write to *John Bull* and ask about a real money-making proposition. How to advertise in *John Bull's* "Shop Window" and get maximum results at minimum cost without delay. Ask for FREE ADVICE without obligation by writing, on business letter-heading, to: Manager, Ideas and Sales Development Department, *John Bull*, Room 22, 57/59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 3d. per roll. SEND for patterns post free.—WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 82 TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

"CARNIVAL" Hats, Novelties, Balloons, etc. Illustrated Catalogue 3d. free.—Beck's British Carnival Novelties, 139, Upper St., London, N.1.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

RATE 10s. per line.

A line averages six words. Minimum Charge 30s.

Advertisements with remittance must be received not later than noon on Wednesday, 8 days before publication.

Address: The *Advertisement Manager*, "*John Bull*," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

WALLPAPERS direct from Mills from 2d. per roll. 250 patterns post free.—OSBORNE MILLS, Dept. 3, Rochdale Road, MANCHESTER.

A1 NOVELTIES for Dances—Hats, Balloons, Novelty Musical Instruments, Masks. — List J.B. 1939 free.—Dudleys 481, Holloway Rd., N.7.

DANCE NOVELTIES & ADVERT. BALLOONS. LIST FREE.—NOVELTY SUPPLY STORES (Dept. J.B.), 228, MILE END RD., London, E.1.

10/- MONTHLY secures modern Remington Home Portable Typewriter. Get full particulars of this offer by filling in the coupon on page 28.

GARDENING.

DOBBIE'S 1939 SEED CATALOGUE of 144 pages, 363 photographs, 4-colour plates. Free to all readers mentioning *John Bull*. DOBBIE & CO., Ltd., EDINBURGH, 7.

OH WELL SHAVED, SIR!
IT'S THE
OLIVE OIL
THAT DOES IT!
Palmolive makes a clean, smooth job of every shave — and it's *kind* to tender skins! You'll find that rich olive oil lather is the most efficient partner your razor's ever had — as more and more men are finding every day!
6d. & 1/-
PALMOLIVE shaving cream
The most popular shaving cream because OF THESE 5 POINTS!
1 Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2 Softens the beard in one minute.
3 Maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.
4 Has strong bubbles which hold the hairs erect for shaving.
5 Fine after-effects due to olive oil content.

CARNIVAL GOODS. Balloons, Hats & Novelties, Wigs, etc. Send for free bargain list.—"Uneedus," 70/72, Arundel Street, Portsmouth.

ADVICE TO EXPECTANT MOTHERS.—Let Mrs Howard give you her expert advice on dressing the Modern Baby. See her advertisement, page 2. Home-made, 75-piece Layette for only 50/-. Also choicest quality, 42/-.

OLD-FASHIONED methods of cleaning are a menace to health. The one hygienic way to do cleaning is the "Dudley Electric" way. The "Junior" model illustrated on page 23 can be obtained at any Co-operative Society, at which a demonstration will be gladly given on request.

THE popular Berkeley Superlax Easy Chairs give you comfort and contentment, and can be changed to a variety of positions without having to leave the chair. The makers of these chairs, H. J. Searle & Son, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 70-78, Old Kent Road, London, S.E.1, have issued a catalogue giving details of these chairs and all other models of Berkeley Upholstery, which will be sent post free, together with range of coverings, to all readers who fill in the coupon on page 27, or write, mentioning *John Bull*, to their address. The model illustrated on page 27 can be obtained for 5/- with order, balance in small monthly payments.

PORTABLE BUILDING CONSTRUCTION REVOLUTIONISED!! Sheds, Garages, Greenhouses, etc., made from genuine Red Cedar. Will not warp, crack or shrink. Beautiful appearance. From 27/6, or 2/- down. FREE DELIVERY. Send for FREE Illustrated Catalogue.—R. H. Hall & Co. (Kent), Ltd., 20 Paddock Wood, Kent.

IS YOUR GARDEN large or small? Whether you have just a small patch or an acre of ground the new style pocket "Gardening," edited by Mr. Richard Sudell, will help you to make the most of it. The January number now on sale comprises 100 pages, containing 28 Articles and Features and 94 Illustrations. Tells what to do in January—How to Grow Orchids—How to make a low wall from cement—Tank Gardening—Greenhouse Heating and Seed Sowing—Constructing a Scree Garden—Garden Planning—Designs for Pools—Other People's Ideas—The Vegetable Garden—Gadgets, etc., etc. You will enjoy reading every page. Get a copy of the new easy-to-carry "Gardening" before the January number is sold out. Price sixpence everywhere. Look for the Pansies on the front cover

POULTRY-KEEPING.

REGULAR SPARE CASH FOR YOU.—Useful EXTRA money can be made by keeping poultry—but you must go about it in the right way. Whether you contemplate starting now with a few birds in the garden or you've kept poultry for some time—be sure to see the splendid 1939 edition of the "Feathered World" Year Book. On sale now, this invaluable book of nearly FOUR HUNDRED PAGES is packed with practical information and expert advice—essential help that solves every poultry problem that makes poultry-keeping REALLY PROFITABLE. Send 3/6 P.O. to-day for your copy to "Feathered World," Dept. J.B., 9, Arundel Street, London, W.C.2

DO YOU KEEP CHICKENS? Here's splendid news for all poultry keepers . . . a unique opportunity not to be missed. To-day the Poultry Keepers' Advisory Bureau and Clinic invites you, whether you keep a few fowls in the backyard or farm on an extensive scale, to participate in a great new money-saving plan that will be worth POUNDS. Thousands of men and women interested in keeping poultry are already benefiting by this great idea—make sure you have details immediately by sending a postcard for particulars to:—Poultry Keepers' Advisory Bureau and Clinic, Dept. J.B.12, 68, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

COLDS and influenza successfully treated by Cephos, prescription of Eminent Physician. Safe and certain. Does not affect heart. Powder or Tablet form. Send p.c. for FREE Sample.—CEPHOS, LTD. (Dept. 29), BLACKBURN.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (520Y), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

WORMS CURED. — Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive cure for removing the causes. No fasting, dieting or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for Generous Supply, or 1½d. stamp for details.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

SPORTSMEN! Increase energy 25% in 20 min. with VITA-GLUCOSE. If unobtainable from your Chemist (per 6d. pkt.), send his name and address to makers; they will send free sample. SIMPKINS, Hunter Road, Sheffield, 6.

IF you suffer from Catarrh, don't overlook the Nostroline advert. on page 38, in which a free sample can be obtained for a trial.

FREE to sufferers from bad legs and all circulatory troubles. Fill in the coupon on page 33 for free sample of Elasto, the biological remedy, and a copy of a special free booklet fully explaining the Elasto treatment. Send the coupon now, while you think of it.

SUFFERERS from hair troubles can obtain a testing packet of Kotalko, the hair grower, and a tablet of Kotalko soap on receipt of 3d. and the coupon on page 38 filled in with your name and address.

A FREE Offer! — to all who are run down. A trial sample of Angier's Emulsion, the proved tonic which builds up health and strength, will be sent to all readers who fill in the coupon on page 25, or write, mentioning *John Bull*, to The Angier Chemical Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.29), 86, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1. Attach 4d. stamp for postage.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PEARL ENDOWMENT POLICIES PURCHASED OUTRIGHT. PIONEER SALES, WINCHESTER.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by Testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.1), 31, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

FREE.—Hundreds of free gifts can be exchanged for Rowntree's Cocoa coupons, so send a 1d. postcard now to Dept. C.E.77, Rowntree & Co., Ltd., The Cocoa Works, York, for a free gift booklet and voucher. See page 34.

THOUSANDS of women have maintained their health and strength by wearing a Spencer Maternity Belt.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Spencer Corsets, Ltd., 44, Britannia Rd., Banbury, Oxon, for Maternity Booklet and name of nearest local Corsetiere. See page 22.

DON'T delay. Make a bee-line for that first prize of £15 now offered for the best last line to the Limerick in the Diploma Cheese advertisement on page 23. Read the conditions carefully and send in your entry now. Don't delay, you may forget.

THE PERFECT SHAVE—FREE. The perfect shave requires the perfect shaving cream—especially in Winter, when frosty mornings make the skin particularly susceptible to any rough treatment. Parke-Davis Shaving Cream is the guarantee of a smooth, easy shave which leaves no trace of soreness or irritation. It has also important antiseptic properties which soothe the skin and ensure against infection. A free seven-day trial sample of Parke-Davis will be sent to readers who wish to discover for themselves the pleasure of the "perfect shave." Application should be made to EUTHYMOL, 50, Beak Street, London, W.1. Mention *John Bull* when writing.

FREE.—Send for a De Luxe Beauty Outfit of Powders and Skinfoods for both day and night use. Every woman reader can obtain one of these beauty outfits, which contains a special box of Poudre Tokalon Mousse of Cream face powder and four samples of other shades, also Tokalon Skinfood Creams. Address: Tokalon, Ltd. (Dept. 422R), Chase Road, London N.W.10. Enclose 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc. See page 28.

ACCEPT this free double offer. You can get a trial bottle of Vaseline Hair Tonic and also a Vaseline Soapless Shampoo if you write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Dept. J.B.21, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Consd., Victoria Road, London, N.W.10. Simply enclose 2d. stamp to cover postage. Send at once for this perfect combination to improve your hair. Send for the free trial bottle and also free shampoo now. free trial bottle and also free shampoo now.

A FREE GIFT OF DENTAL FITNESS Care of the teeth is of the utmost importance in keeping physically fit. For nearly half a century dentists have recommended Euthymol, because they know there is no surer way of keeping the mouth absolutely healthy than by using this perfect antiseptic toothpaste. Euthymol ensures absolute cleansing and whitening of the teeth. The refreshing germicidal foam penetrates every nook and crannie and keeps the gums firm and the mouth and breath perfectly fresh and healthy. The widespread reputation gained by Euthymol is founded on the experience of its thousands of regular users. Readers may find out for themselves the merits of this excellent toothpaste by applying for a 7-day free trial tube to EUTHYMOL, 50, Beak Street, London, W.1. Mention *John Bull* when writing.

£20 WEEKLY FOR LIFE PLUS £3,000 CASH

WIN "JOHN BULL'S" 2-in-1 1st PRIZE—OR £500 CASH

£100 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP

Up to 100 GROCERY CASES

Consignment of 10 items of high-class stores for your larder, one with each Runners-up prize of £1 or over.

UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS FOR 2nd RUNNERS-UP EACH WITH £10 BONUS OFFER

READ THESE RULES.

1.—Make entry in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of sixpence for each two squares submitted. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand) and bear POSTMARK of not later than Thursday, January 26, 1939.

2.—Each entrant is limited to 8 sixpenny entries, each on an Entry Form provided in this or any other announcement of this Contest.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or misaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on Entry-square alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, February 9. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, February 14, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize or Surprise Awards. Accordingly entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £500 cash will be paid instead of the Two-in-one Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

Terms and Conditions on page 25.

ANOTHER LIFE PENSION WON OUTRIGHT

Result of Crossword No. 136.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 136, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrant who indicated the most meritorious Set of Answers for one square (see on right) was the following competitor:—

MISS N. GROSSMAN, 85b, KING ROAD, CHISWICK, W.4.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, this competitor will receive 20s. Weekly for *Life*, or a lump sum of £250 Cash.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted an entry eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, January 24, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all entries submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny," and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £100 Award to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 12 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entry received. These winners will each receive £8 6s. 8d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

One of the famous "John Bull" Hampers will be sent to every Runner-up from whom we received not less than eight squares (or equivalent) for this Contest.

NOTE.—No prizes for second Runners-up were offered in this particular Contest.

WINNING WORDS.

ACROSS.—1. CRATE. 6. USE. 9. DRUGS. 12. MAKE. 16. NEWER. 17. ONE. 18. LOUT. 19. LAST. 20. DUN. 21. RUN. 22. HOT.
DOWN.—2. APES. 3. PLAY. 4. SILK. 7. AGED or AGED. 8. SLATE. 9. RAG. 10. LEA or SEA. 11. RUSH. 12. MOON. 13. NERD. 14. AWAKE. 15. BOON.

WINNING SQUARE

C	R	A	T	E
A	P	E	S	T
L	A	P	D	O
G	S	I	L	K
S	L	A	T	E

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the Square above.

Spaces are left blank to indicate that at these points AGED or AGED and LEA or SEA were regarded as apt Answers of equal merit.

FREE OPPORTUNITY TO WIN £1,000!

Each entrant of the two 1s. Entry Forms below, accompanied by necessary 2s. entry-fee, is entitled to enclose one "Bullets" Coupon ABSOLUTELY FREE for Giant Cash Offer. Coupons on page 39.

ACROSS CLUES.

1. It may be rather annoying to lose this
3. It's wise to have a carefully made cage for one in some cases
6. When electric light goes out during party one is likely to suspect this
7. Holly has a prickly one
9. One well knows the foolish mother who spoils her holiday by worrying about these
12. One expects Christmas decoration to be this
13. Good one isn't likely to rust very quickly
17. Daring acrobat's performance is often this
20. It's hard to keep up a good swinging pace on this
21. Reside

DOWN CLUES.

1. Is easily sounded by craft
2. Exist in harem
3. Doctor usually studies patient's
4. May look different when you turn it
5. After long dry spell, rain may make a difference to gardeners
8. One wouldn't expect it to be hard to catch one
10. Teachers sometimes make a lot of clever ones
11. One of rain may well suggest a storm
14. Occasionally seen on gas-stove
15. People are sometimes imprisoned in
16. This frequently goes down well
18. A good one commonly cheers people up
19. Be in debt

CUT ROUND BROKEN LINE

FOR FREE X-WORD AID, ENCLOSE THIS COUPON.

Affix 1½d. Stamp Here	Affix 1½d. Stamp Here

I have affixed 3d. in stamps for postage on "Crossword Gazette" and "Bullets Bulletin." Please arrange:—

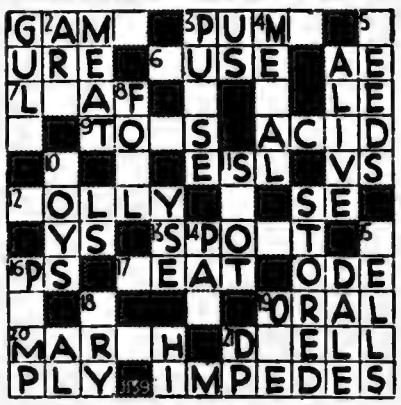
(a) A 6 weeks' Free supply.
(b) 6 weeks' extension of my present supply.
(Cross out line which is not applicable.)

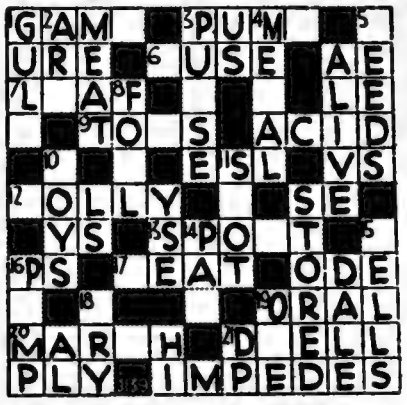
Name .....

Address .....

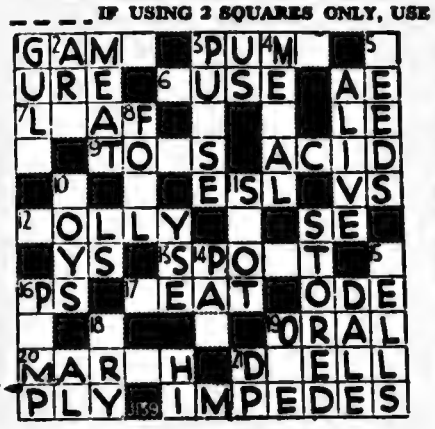
CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

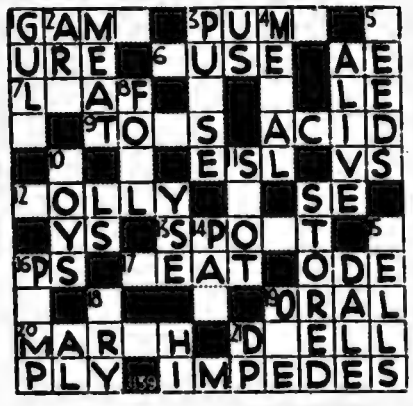
"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 139. Closing Postmark Thurs., Jan. 26, 1939





IF USING 2 SQUARES ONLY, USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE





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SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

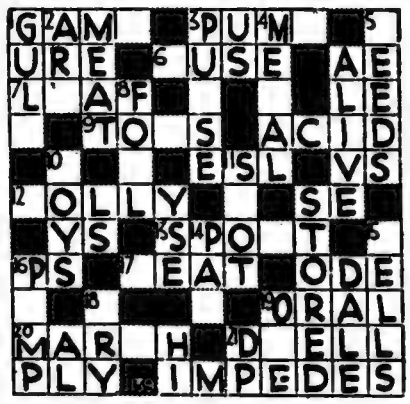
Value..... No.....
With 2 squares send P.O. for 6d.
With 4 squares send P.O. for 1s. .....

EXTRA DAY TO POST See Rule 1.

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD No. 139, "JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 139. Closing Postmark Thurs., Jan. 26, 1939



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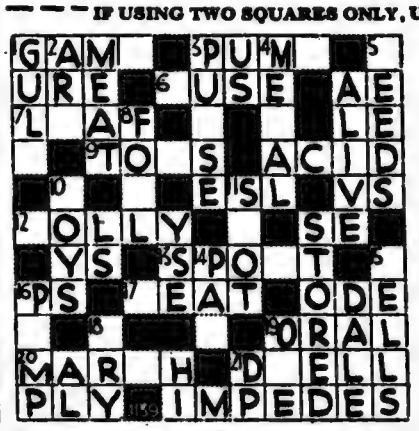

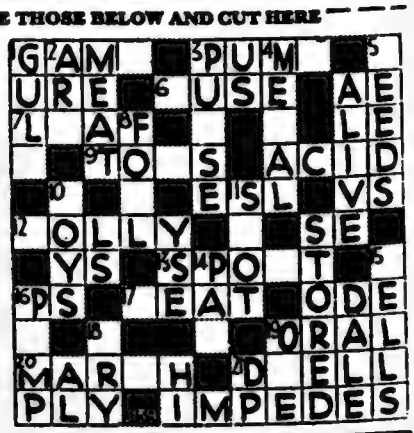

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SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

Value..... No.....
With 6 squares send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
With 8 squares send P.O. for 2s. .....

Note:— CLOSING POSTMARK Thurs., Jan. 26

ANOTHER MONSTER OFFER COMING SOON!

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you.

A stamped, addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query, which should be written in ink. Write to-day, marking your envelope "Free Advice." The replies given here to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

Harrier (St. Albans)—"What is better than a man just ahead of him, to make a cross-country runner pull out a final spurt?" A bull just behind him.

The Editor Laughs Last

CONFIDENT (Hampstead).—"I am fool enough to think I could sit down and write a novel." But are you fool enough to do it?

ENTOMOLOGIST (Kew).—"Moths dislike he colour green." This should be a ight off the minds of men still wearing heir old blue serge suits.

E. M. (Wilmslow).—"Our village darts atch was a most exciting affair and was ought to the bitter end." Or do you ally mean to the end of the bitter?

CHEF (London, W.).—"France is proud the reputation for cooking she bears." lthough she bears aren't to everybody's aste.

* * *

W. L. (Midhurst).—"Seeing black spots before the eyes is a sign of indigestion." Or of a chimney on fire.

* * *

E. N. (Luton).—"My father wishes me o enter his business, rather than let me ke up an artistic career." He evidently refers you to work for your living!

R. S. M. (Aldershot).—"I should like to plain in a few short sentences the rrect way to shoot with a rifle." Fire way, then!

R. B. (Leicester).—"I shall have to hange my laundry. Only this week they nt me a large old handkerchief instead my shirt." Are you sure it wasn't our shirt?

FILM STAR (Liverpool).—"I was treated well at my London hotel on my arrival om Hollywood that I shook hands with e head waiter when I left." We must y that the next time ours puts his hand ut.

THEATREGOER (London, W.).—"A man layed a piano-accordion, a ukulele and saxophone to the queue and another layed the bagpipes and recited 'The hooting of Dan McGrew.'" It looks like conspiracy sponsored by the manage-ent to force people to book seats.

Mrs. J. (Stratton).—"My maid stands 6 ft. 2 in. in her stockings." However do you manage to keep a maid so long?

S. R. (Nuneaton).—"Thieves will take anything nowadays. Fancy a man having his wig stolen." And a woman having her face lifted.

AMERICAN (Mayfair).—"I miss the wide open spaces." You should study the faces of our football fans when the home team scores a goal.

PILOT (Croydon).—"Before very long, house-removal jobs will be conducted by air." It will be nice to have one's furniture delivered in van planes.

Mrs. T. (Banbury).—"I think I can truthfully say that I have a decided literary bent." See letter below.

Mrs. T. (Banbury).—"My husband is so keen on becoming an author that he is getting quite round-shouldered through excessive writing." See letter above.

W. L. (Tring).—"The jazz band of a New York night club threatened to go on strike." Some people have quaint ideas of what constitutes a threat.

* * *

A. B. (Rainham).—"He took his misfortunes like a man." You mean he blamed them on his wife?

* * *

N. S. (Glasgow).—"Is it possible to find an opening for poetry in a modern newspaper office." Certainly; ask them to show you the wastepaper basket.

K. N. W. (Birkenhead).—"I was surprised to find that the girl I liked was just a gold-digger after all." But gold-diggers usually are, aren't they?

T. L. (Watford).—"Half the world doesn't know how the other half lives." Nevertheless, there are neighbours who do their best to find out.

S. L. (Clacton).—"Genuine old moss-green tiles are quite valuable and builders will pay a good price for them." Nevertheless, our bowler will have to do for another year yet.

J. B. D. (Ealing).—"Is there any money in writing words for songs?" Not much—but you can profit to the tune of £1,000 by fitting a few simple words to an *Example* on page 39.

E. B. (Beccles).—"Because of my wife taking up darts my arms and legs are now full of small punctures." You should stand nearer the board when she is throwing.

* * *

S. S. (Burton).—"I'm a born enthusiast. Whatever I undertake I throw myself into wholeheartedly." Anyone asked you to undertake to dig a deep hole?

* * *

N. B. (Baldock).—"My brother has just married a woman who can speak nine languages. Don't you think that is asking for trouble?" Why? She can only use one at a time.

R. B. (Rochester).—"My wife looks down on me as if I were her inferior. Does yours?" Well, to be quite candid, we have never even heard her mention your name.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

PICTURE POST:—"... if your book gets smaller and smaller, if it SMELLS more each week ..."

DAILY EXPRESS:—"She decided to try her hand at shop-keeping and opened a fish-TRYING business."

THE YORKSHIRE EVENING POST:—"Atco, who ran second to THE Uplifter at Aintree, has been REVERSED for the Sunbury Handicap Steeplechase."

YORKSHIRE EVENING NEWS:—"I have been CREATED out of a trial and I am not going to stand it."

LIVERPOOL WEEKLY POST:—"... by using one billiards ball, two cues, and a HOWLER hat."

LINCOLNSHIRE STANDARD:—"He had his tea with him on Saturday and complained of PLANS in his chest."

SPORTS MAIL: "Boon bore the CARS of battle."

Dad . . . After the Sale by Maz

DRY SCALP drains the life out of your hair

Use this HAIR DRESSING that ends Dry Scalp

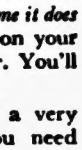
IS your hair dry, dead and lifeless looking? If so, you've got Dry Scalp, which can lead to dandruff, scurf, falling hair and eventual baldness.

"Vaseline" Hair Tonic is the hair dressing specially made to end Dry Scalp troubles. Every morning sprinkle on a few drops, rub in with finger-tips until the scalp tingles pleasantly. Then brush your hair.

This hair dressing keeps your hair perfectly in place; *at the same time it does your scalp good all day long!* Soon your hair will be healthier, stronger. You'll *feel* and *look* smarter.

"Vaseline" Hair Tonic is a very economical hair dressing. You need only a little. 1/6 and 3/- (3 times as much in larger bottle). Prices not applicable to Eire.

MARVELLOUS FREE OFFER
For a trial bottle of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic and a packet of 'Vaseline' Soapless Shampoo send two penny stamps (to cover postage, etc.), with your name and address (in block letters) to Dept. J.B. 21, Chesebrough Manfg. Co. Cons'd, Victoria Road, London, N.W.10.



Vaseline TRADE MARK HAIR TONIC

The hair dressing that ends DRY SCALP

2820-3

NEW!
1 Gets under dirt, scurf and dandruff.
2 Gets scalp and hair really clean.
3 Leaves no sticky soap scum deposit in hair.
"VASELINE" SOAPLESS SHAMPOO 4D

Continuing from page 28

Man with Staring Eyes

together in holy matrimony, which is my declared purpose——"

"As it happens, I'm already pledged to Mr. Stubbs——"

"You've gone so far as that?" Mr. Pinch almost choked.

"And why not? Whatever you may think of him, John Stubbs is well spoken of by those above him, and likely to get promotion. Specially if he should catch that staring-eyed man——"

"Him?" Mr. Pinch lashed out in scorn. "He couldn't catch a fly that was too doped by winter cold to get away! He'll get no promotion, not he!"

There was vengeance in his heart, a ruthless determination not to let either young Stubbs or the widow get away with it if they persisted in their plans.

He would see the widow lost her licence, and he could find ways of doing that.

But he could not so easily find his way back to his shop, for a thick fog had risen. As he stumbled through it, someone came running straight at him, screaming hysterically:

"Help! Help! The Man with the Staring Eyes is after me!"

THE hysterical one, colliding violently with Mr. Pinch in the fog, proved to be his assistant, Miss Spike.

"Over there by your store he was, Mr. Pinch!" she gasped. "Only a moment ago, I swear. He tried to speak to me, he did!"

Mr. Pinch left her abruptly, and pushed his way through the fog in the direction of the shop.

Here, he had realised in a flash, might be the chance to confound Constable Stubbs and the widow as well. If only he could capture The Man with the Staring Eyes!

It took him but a moment to reach the little lane running alongside his premises. Here a street lamp pierced the fog sufficiently for him to see a shabby, trampish figure.

The face was just visible, and—to the delight of Mr. Pinch—the eyes were most certainly staring hard. Got him!

Mr. Pinch bent down, picked up half a brick from a pile left by some builders, and sprang forward.

His half-brick thudded on the man's head.

At the same moment voices in the fog developed into figures. In one of them, to his great joy and triumph, Mr. Pinch recognised Constable Stubbs.

"Just the young fellow I wanted," Mr. Pinch addressed him with sarcasm.

"Let me tell you that while you were loafing around I've done your duty for you! I've just knocked out the staring-eyed man!"

"You've done—what?" intervened the other man who accompanied the constable.

MR. PINCH recognised him as a police-inspector from Bicester, and so explained what had happened, enlarging on the futility of employing a young good-for-nought like John Stubbs to safeguard any village.

"Staring-eyed man be damned!" roared the inspector.

"Why, he was captured by Constable Stubbs this evening early on, and is now at the station in Bicester."

Mr. Pinch was stricken to silence, staring from the inspector to the man on the ground, and back to the inspector again.

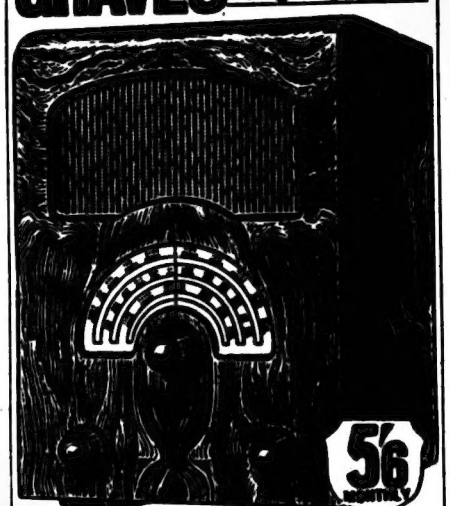
"But this man—I took him for that one——" he was gasping, when the inspector said something to the constable about fetching a doctor quickly.

Then he turned again to Mr. Pinch.

"Lucky for you that you haven't killed this man," he said. "You've given him a nasty crack, and you'll be in trouble on that account, anyhow.

"Top-heavy the law may be, to your ideas, Mr. Pinch, but it don't allow people to make unprovoked assaults, even by mistake—especially on the new chief constable of the county, who happens to have been staying here, and, likely enough, lost his way in the fog."

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value



Graves 'VULCAN' 4-Valve Battery

THREE-WAVEBAND SUPERHET

is the World's greatest Radio success.

This marvellous scientific triumph is available for every home—Full range of reception from Short, Medium and Long-wave stations; clearest reproduction of Musical performances, Entertainments, Sports events, World-wide News and actual voices of the most interesting speakers and personalities. This magnificent full size Walnut Set compares favourably with Sets at double price, and is offered on the most beneficial terms without extra charge. Backed by the Graves 40 years' reputation, on the fullest approval, for 5/6 now, and 5/6 monthly. Nothing else to buy. Total Price **£6:17:6**

WE OFFER EXCHANGE PRICE FOR OLD SETS

Write for Illustrated Catalogue and full specifications of the latest A.C. Mains & Battery Sets Post Free.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/-

CAUGHT CATARRH?

Harmless Remedy gives Instant Relief!

NOSTROLINE Nasal Remedy acts in 30 seconds. Clears head. Opens breathing passages. Ends congestion in nose, throat, chest. Soothes and heals raw inflamed mucous membrane. Loosens and brings away phlegm. The great virtue of "NOSTROLINE" is that it remains active for long periods. Not giving just a passing relief, but lasting freedom even to chronic sufferers from Catarrh, Colds, 'Flu, Head Noises, Catarrhal Deafness. Perfectly safe—even for the youngest child. All Chemists, "NOSTROLINE" 1/3.

Free Sample from "NOSTROLINE" J.96, Bristol, 8.

TAKE PURITAN SALTS FOR RHEUMATISM

I WAS ALMOST BALD

"About six months ago my hair began to come out, and the falling continued until at least half of it had completely disappeared.

"I used Kotalko and Kotalko Soap . . . My head is covered with beautiful, strong hair, of which I am very proud, and this after being almost bald."

STOP LOSING YOUR HAIR

Follow the example of Mr. A. Rogers and grow a fine head of Hair by using KOTALKO True Hair Grower and KOTALKO Scalp and Hair Soap. You will quickly see your Hair growing rapidly, thick and long, and you will be proud of it like Mr. Rogers and so many others.

KOTALKO TRUE HAIR GROWER — WAKES UP THE ROOTS

Feed Hair Roots with KOTALKO, Cleanse and Soften Hair Follicles with KOTALKO SCALP SOAP —the Toilet Shampoo.

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd., 9, Percy St. (53.KV), London, W.1

Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO, and KOTALKO SOAP, with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

Name .....

Address .....

"That's the Way to WEALTH!"

says last

£1,000 WINNER

FOUR WORDS MADE HIS FORTUNE—WHO'S NEXT?

A FEW weeks ago, the man who points your way to wealth above was just one of many plodders, steadily pegging away with his eye on a big prize. To-day, as a £1,000 winner himself, 30-year-old Mr. R. V. Thornhill, 10, Staveley Road, Leicester, sends you a message of encouragement on *your* road to a £1,000 success.

"I had never before won a big cash prize," he tells you. "*Anyone* using care and common-sense can make a First Prize *Bullet*."

Mr. Thornhill's £1,000 fortune for a *Bullet* resulted from his entry of the bright and homely effort, WHEN MARRIED—"FINISHING SQUARE," "PUZZLE" WEEKLY.

It took him only a few minutes to think out, he said. And in the next few minutes *you* can make up a £1,000 *Bullet*, simply by fitting a few everyday words to one of the *Examples* provided on the opposite page! Think what it would mean to you to receive a First Prize Joy Wire on Friday, February 10; then make up your mind to settle down at once to the entertaining job of making *Bullets* for this £1,000 which must be won.

No further coupons for this magnificent four-figure First Prize opportunity, with its thousands of supporting prizes, will appear in JOHN BULL, so you must act now before it is too late. Tackle the *Examples* as soon as you have read through the simple instructions in next column.

HOW TO WIN

To make a prize Bullet, simply take an Example and make a rough note of any idea it suggests. Then improve this to TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely linked with that particular Example.

For instance, against the Example, BABY'S A HANDFUL, BUT you might jot down *Makes Up For A Lot In Life*. This you could easily improve to the typical Bullet, BABY'S A HANDFUL, BUT—SOFTENS "FISTS" OF FATE.

COUPONS and "EXAMPLES" on NEXT PAGE

"BULLETS" 1,151 RESULT

First Prize, 20s. Weekly for Life, and £100—or 300 Guineas:

Mrs. A. C. LOCK, Office Road, Netherton, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Example: ENCOURAGING
Bullet: CHURCHGOING, "GO" IN CHURCH.

SECOND PRIZE, £25:

G. D. BURCHER, 8, Nicholls Avenue, Hillingdon, Middlesex.
Example: Where Dad Went Wrong
Bullet: Fixed Skates To *Feet!*

THIRD PRIZE, £10:

E. G. BROADBENT, 137, Brookdale Avenue, Greasby, Wirral, Ches.
Example: When Old
Bullet: Youth Comes "Crowding Past."

OTHER PRIZES:

£9: Mrs. P. WORTH, 5, Windsor Lane, Plymouth.
She Called Them Cigars, But—She Calls Leather "Steak"!

£8: G. TIDY, 54, Boswall Terrace, Granton, Edinburgh.
Government Lifeboat—Leaking—Taxpayer's "Coat" Stops.
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

£7: B. LEWIS, Culver View, Alverstone, Sandown, I.O.W.
My Life—My Trust—Must Try.

£6: C. KENYON, 37, Grasmere Street, Burnley, Lancs.
My Life—First "Book" Sonny "Coloured."

£5: Mrs. PALMER, 6, St. John's Terrace, Jarrow.
To Defend Britannia—Plough The Rolling *Lea!*

£4: E. C. ALLPORT, 30, Avenue Road, Blackheath, Birmingham.
When Old — Thinking Twice — Saying, "Once —"
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

£3: A. PRIDDEY, 120, Middleton Boulevard, Wollaton Park, Nottingham.
Encouraging—Sign Seen Soon, Sun.

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

E. E. CATCHPOLE, 4a, Boundary Road, Walthamstow, E.
In The Marriage Market—"Old Wreck"—He'd "Bullion."

Mrs. E. M. EVANS, 5, Caenant Road, Caerphilly, Glam.
There's Room At The Top, So—Scotsmen "Descend" On London!

H. HAYWARD, "Mari-Jon," 15, Harding Avenue, Eastbourne.
When Old—England's Threatened, Forty's "Young."

O. HENDERSON, 7, Telford Street East, Howdon-on-Tyne.
In The Struggle—For "Trousers," Romance "Stripped."

L. A. MARLOW, 4, Glendale Gardens, North Wembley, Middlesex.
Experience Teaches—Bridegroom, Diplomacy—Bride, Cooking!

S. READ, 79, Grange Road W., Birkenhead.
Where Dad Went Wrong—Offered Policeman *Empty* Bottle!

Mrs. L. REDFERN, 235, Church Street, Waingroves, nr. Codnor, Derbys.
Flood Of Oratory—*And* Action, Gladstone's Day!

J. SCRIVEN, 30, Hunters Grove, Swindon.
When Old—"No Joke," So "Humour."

Mrs. E. SUTCLIFFE, 34, Crow Wood Park, Halifax.
Experience Teaches—New Office-boy "Another Tune."

Mrs. E. WALKER, 9, Garnet Street, Saltburn-by-Sea.
Flood Of Oratory—"Freezes" In Granny's Ear-trumpet!

A list of 200 Double Surprise Awards can be seen at these offices.

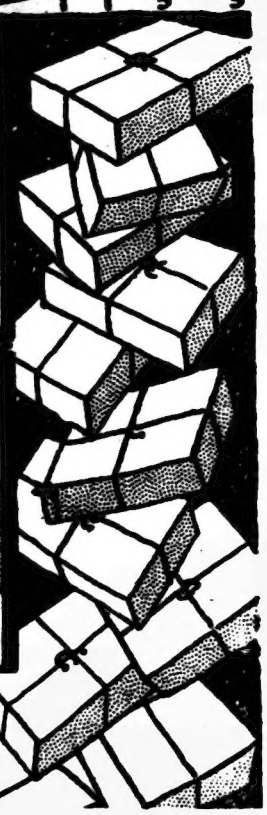
HURRY FOR 'BULLETS' MONSTER

£1,000

CASH MUST BE WON OUTRIGHT— MAKE IT YOURS FOR A FEW WORDS ON COUPON BELOW

£350

This First Prize cheque for "Bullets" No. 1,155 or that for No. 1,154 or 1,153 will be augmented to £1,000 cash, according to which of these First Prize "Bullets" is adjudged most meritorious. Thus you can win £1,000 WITH A COUPON BELOW!



OTHER PRIZES

£25 | £10 | £9

£8 | £7 | £6 | £5

12 of £2-10 | 25 of 10/-

200 NEW 3/6 SURPRISE GIFTS

AND THOUSANDS OF OTHER AWARDS

Add 2, 3 or 4 words to any "Example"

OT ON THE WORLD
BY'S A HANDFUL, BUT
OKING AHEAD
ERR IS HUMAN, SO
S—GAS—GAS
BRITAIN
HERE THE B.B.C. GOES WRONG
NNY BUSINESS
LT AT HOME
CCESSFUL POLITICIAN
EP IN DEBT
LPS DAD
E FOG CLEARED AND
WONDER
IPPLES
SURVIVE
HERE SHALL WE BE WHEN
ATS SONNY
ANKS TO NUFFIELD
COMING ALARMED
GHT TO BE ARRESTED
IPPERY ROAD
HEN OUR PIPES BURST
SS 1939

AMPLE
LLET
AMPLE
LLET

(1,155) Closing postmark SAT., Jan. 28.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Signed .....

Address .....

AMPLE
LLET
AMPLE
LLET

(1,155) Closing postmark SAT., Jan. 28.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Signed .....

Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,155) Closing postmark SAT., Jan. 28.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed .....

Address .....

You can post your entry up to Last Collection, Saturday, January 28.

FREE COUPON FOR THIS COMPETITION IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY

I enclose TWO or more paid (or prize) coupons for Bullets No. 1,155, all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE.

Signed .....

Address .....

For entering additional "Bullets," use plain paper.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,155, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

CLOSING POSTMARK SAT., Jan. 28

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the ... is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, ... and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful ... ration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the ... rate for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ... Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the ... of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must ... ted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express ... of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

WORN OUT BY WEARINESS

Yeast-Vite Relieves

HEADACHES

LASSITUDE

DEPRESSION

"NERVES"

INDIGESTION

INSOMNIA

RHEUMATISM

CONSTIPATION

WEARINESS! It ruins lives. Even strong men become helpless when weariness has them in its grip. It changes bright, happy, vivacious women into pitiful, broken creatures. Workers find they can work no longer. Slowly but surely the bravest efforts are beaten and set to nought by WEARINESS! Are YOU weary? Is your life fought out in the vice-like grip of dead-tiredness? Do you, at this very moment, feel so tired that your head feels fit to burst?—your body seems sapped of strength?—your digestion all out of order?—your nerves worn to pieces?—you can't sleep, you can't work, can't even think clearly? BEAT WEARINESS!! Get out of the deadly grip that is enveloping you! Shake off that burden! Give yourself New Energy—NEW LIFE! What you need is YEAST-VITE! Yeast-Vite is the Lightning Pick-me-up—the sheer wonder-working tonic! Thousands of once weary, worn-out men and women now revel in new-found energy and vitality! Take two Yeast-Vite tablets NOW and feel FIT and FRESH in a few minutes.

Don't You Feel Well Mummy?

How Can You Tell Them You Feel **RUN-DOWN, HEADACHY, NERVY** *and* **OUT OF SORTS? YOU NEED YEAST-VITE**

OUR GREAT OFFER

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